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NEWMARKET, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 15TH, 1937

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BLAZE DESTROYS HURON STREET MILL

Conservative Leader Talks Here Saturday

Convention Is Called For
Selection Of Tory
Candidate

RUMOR NAMES DR. BOYD

Hon. Earl Rowe, leader of the Conservative party in Ontario, will address the Liberal-Conservative convention to be held in the Newmarket town hall on Saturday. With him on the platform will be Mrs. James Loughheed of Toronto, and other speakers, who will also address the meeting.

The convention, which will be held at three o'clock daylight saving time, has been called for the purpose of selecting a candidate for the riding of North York.

"Who will be nominated?" The Era asked A. D. Buchanan, the party's secretary here.

"Mayor Dr. S. J. Boyd will be one," Mr. Buchanan stated. "Dr. C. R. Boulding, mayor of Aurora, will be another. A. T. M. Hulse and Clifford Case, K.C., Aurora

KILLED ON HIGHWAY

Hosea Curtis, 76, of Oak Ridges, was instantly killed on Wednesday afternoon when he was struck by a car driven by Harold J. Usher, 55 Arundel Ave., Toronto.

Usher was driving south on the Yonge St. highway, at Oak Ridges, when he noticed a fire in the rear seat of his car.

He applied the brakes suddenly, and the car skidded on the wet pavement, striking Curtis.

No definite date has been set for an inquest.

Highway Traffic Officer Alec Ferguson preferred a charge of manslaughter against Usher.

barristers, and Major McKenzie of Woodbridge will also be nominated.

"Of course, that's only gossip," he added.

Time will tell, however, and the time in this case is three o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

Y.P.U. TOURNEY WON BY LOCAL SOFTBALLERS

Defeat Temperanceville And
Queensville To Win
Shield

KING Y. P. U. ENTERTAIN

The Newmarket team came out on top in the mixed baseball schedule of the Toronto Centre North Presbytery Y. P. U., in the final games played at the picnic in Sharon on Wednesday. They defeated Queensville and Temperanceville to win the Sisman Shield.

Rain was unable to damp the enthusiasm of the 200 present and group games were played in the township hall. These were under the direction of David Smith of the Community Welfare, Toronto.

After the picnic supper, a concert was held during which the King Y. P. U. presented their comedy, "The Man in the Green Shirt."

The prize for the most members present went to the Queensville Y. P. U., with Sharon coming second.

Those in charge of the very successful arrangements were Marion Burkholder, Queensville, president; Nora McIntosh, Newmarket, secretary; and Merland Deavitt, Glenview, recreation.

Victoria Square Union was unable to complete the schedule as one of the members, Alex Williamson, the 15-year-old catcher, was killed in an accident on Sunday and was buried on Wednesday. A minute's silence was observed during the final game.

Newmarket represented the group after Victoria Square dropped out.

PARTY BRINGS GUEST TALENT

The annual two-night St. John's garden party will be held next Wednesday and Thursday on the separate school grounds.

A real home-cooked supper, followed by games and a musical program by the Citizens' band, together with a lucky program draw, will make up the entertainment on Wednesday.

On Thursday evening a musical program will be given by talent from Toronto. There will be games and other amusements as well. It is also proposed to have a contest for a boy's or girl's bicycle. At the close of Thursday's program a grand drawing will be made for five cash prizes of \$10 each and ten cash prizes of \$5 each.

FALLS 35 FEET SPRAINS WRIST

"It is the red hair and lots of freckles that make him tough," Dr. L. W. Dales said of ten-year-old Charles Lovey. The Toronto boy was holidaying up at Lake Simcoe when he fell 35 feet in a barn.

"If I fell any harder, I would have gone through the floor down to the pigs," the boy told Dr. Dales. He suffered only a sprained wrist, which was attended to in York County Hospital.

HONOR MISS L. MORRIS WITH SURPRISE SHOWER

Miss Lottie Morris was honored at a lovely surprise shower in St. Paul's Memorial hall on Friday evening. Mrs. Wm. Peters and Mrs. Ernest Bennett arranged the gathering to which members of the choir and the Parochial Guild of the church, as well as other friends were invited.

The stage was artistically decorated in pink and white and after the guest of honor had opened the many lovely and useful gifts, lunch was served in the basement. Mrs. J. O. Little played the wedding march when Miss Morris appeared in the hall.

OPENS ESTATE FOR BLIND

The lovely estates of Mrs. Edmund Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. F. Gordon Osler, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers, at Roche's Point, are being opened to receive guests this week in honor of the Canadian National Institute of the Blind. "The Lodge," the summer home of Mrs. Boyd, is famous for its beautiful lawns and its magnificent hedges.



SCENE OF FIVE-HOUR BATTLE

Firemen had a hot time of it when they turned out shortly after two o'clock on Tuesday morning to engage in a five-hour battle with flames that reduced to ashes the flour and chop mill owned by Robinson and Weeks, on Huron St. While the origin of the blaze is unknown, it is thought spontaneous combustion can be blamed. The electric wiring was reported to have been in good condition.

REDMEN-AURORA SERIES STARTS HERE TONIGHT

One of the largest crowds of the season is expected to throng Stuart Scott school grounds tonight to see the first of the two-out-of-three play-off series games between Aurora and Newmarket.

The Redmen are in good shape and should go into the playoffs as favorites. Their weakness at the beginning of the season lay chiefly in the pitching end. This department is now excellently staffed by Ivan Eves, Bill VanZant, Alex Webster and Martin Gahagan.

It is expected that Wesley Niles, speedball star of last year's team, will be available for some of the games.

So far as hitting strength is concerned, they demonstrated in the Tuesday night game with Churchill that when the time came, they were capable of some hefty slugging.

Averaged 20 Miles An Hour With Auto Of 25 Years Ago

Ravenshoe Man Bought His
First Car 25 Years Ago,
No Accidents

Here's a record of safe driving! Wm. Holborn of Ravenshoe bought his first automobile 25 years ago, has been driving a car ever since and has never had an accident. Never once in that quarter century of driving has his car even grazed another vehicle.

Mr. Holborn didn't say that he hadn't grazed a few garage doors in his day.

When Mr. Holborn bought his first automobile from K. N. Robertson, Newmarket, there weren't many automobiles around these parts. His vehicle license, dated July 3, 1912, (there were no drivers' licenses in those days) was No. 13,888, and described his car as a "Ford touring, motive power, gas, H. P. 20, and seating capacity, five." The license bore the printed signature of W. J. Hanna, provincial secretary.

There were no cars in the Ravenshoe district before the summer of 1912. Mr. Robertson sold two cars in Mount Albert to purchasers now deceased at the same time as he sold to Mr. Holborn. The late R. H. Weddell of Ravenshoe bought a McLaughlin car the same summer.

"I can remember well the

USE NEW WELL ONLY

There was no change in the water situation this week, it was learned from W. W. Osborne on Tuesday. Water used here comes entirely from the new well at present, he stated.

Both Bill Burkholder and Charlie VanZant have proved their worth behind the plate, and in the field and round the bases the boys have plenty of what it needs. Ab. Selby, newcomer to the Redmen's ranks this year, has shown his value on third base, and has strengthened the team further.

All round, the Redmen are a team worthy of Newmarket, and it is up to the fans to show that Newmarket is worthy of such a team.

M. O. H. WARNS OF PARALYSIS

Doctor Stresses Value Of
Getting Early
Diagnosis

"Last year it will be remembered we had a small epidemic of infantile paralysis, and that there were 208 cases of the disease recorded in the province," Dr. J. H. Wesley, medical officer of health, told The Era this week. "It is not possible to predict how many cases we may have this year, but there are a few points in this connection to remember. The most of the cases occur during the warm summer months and early fall," he said. "No case of acute illness in children occurring during the summer months should be neglected, as it is necessary to make an early diagnosis and start serum treatment early in order to avoid the paralytic stage of infantile paralysis."

"The early symptoms are stiffness of the neck, headache, pain in the back, great prostration and vomiting."

BOWLERS WIN TOURNEY HERE

G. A. Binns and V. Goring kept the Newmarket silverware at home by winning the men's doubles bowling tournament here on Saturday afternoon.

In second place were Messrs. Stewart and Vincent of Markham. A team from Eaton Memorial club in Toronto took third prize and J. O. Little and S. James, fourth, with Mr. Hawke and Dr. Doherty of Agincourt in fifth position.

Eighteen rinks competed in the tournament.

OBJECTS TO RAISING TRUANT OFFICER'S PAY

Dr. L. W. Dales took exception to raising the salary of the truant officer of the York county board of education at a county council on Tuesday.

After being reduced to \$1,500 at the beginning of the year, the salary of James Armstrong, truant officer, was again raised to \$1,800 by the unanimous decision of the finance committee.

Dr. Dales expressed the opinion that Armstrong was being paid more than the job was worth, and objected to some members bringing up the matter when so few members of the board were present.

RAIN HALTS BOWLERS

Three rinks of Newmarket bowlers went to Uxbridge on Wednesday, to take part in a tournament with the club there. Rain cut short the match, however, and it had to be called at the end of the second game.

The rinks skipped by G. A. Binns took first prize for two wins. T. F. Doyle's rink received a prize for one win.

IS ELECTED SECRETARY

Miss Muriel Patstone was elected Dominion secretary of the organization at the dominion conference of the A. Y. P. A. held at St. Anne de Bellevue recently. Miss Patstone has been office secretary for some time and she will also retain this position.

Flames Keep Firemen Busy For Five Hours

Flour Mill And Machinery
Are Totally
Destroyed

LITTLE GRAIN AFFECTED

Called at 2 a.m. Tuesday morning to fight one of the worst fires in Newmarket's history, firemen under the direction of Fire Chief W. W. Osborne battled for five hours to subdue the raging flames which totally destroyed the flour mill of Robinson & Weeks on Huron St.

While the exact amount of the loss is not yet known, it is estimated that the loss will be in the neighborhood of \$40,000. It is not known whether or not the mill will be rebuilt.

A motorist, driving down Huron St., at 2 a.m. Tuesday morning, rang in the alarm and the Newmarket firemen were on the scene in ten minutes.

Thousands of dollars worth of valuable flour-making machinery was ruined by flames and water. Fortunately there was only a small quantity of grain and chop in the mill.

Breaking out on the top floor of the five-storey brick building,

RAIN CANCELS TOURNEY

Rain kept the Newmarket Tennis Club out of the news this week. They are scheduled to enter a tournament with Barrie on Wednesday.

the flames spread rapidly to the fourth and third floors before firemen were able to check them. The metal roof of the building was a molten mass. Because of the terrific heat, firemen were unable to enter the building, and were forced to fight the fire from the ground.

"We poured six lines of water into the building for nearly five hours," declared Chief Osborne. "The heat was terrible, and we were unable to get very close to it. Fortunately there was little wind and there was no danger of the fire spreading to adjacent property."

Frank Robinson and Ross Weeks, joint owners of the mill, had worked until after midnight with their staff of four men, in preparation for early shipments of grain. It was little more than an hour after they had left the building that the fire started.

Redmen Out-Hit Churchill Team, Win Important Game

Gunningham's Two Homers
Feature Newmarket
Victory

Churchill dropped a tough game to the Newmarket Redmen at the Stuart Scott school grounds on Tuesday evening. It was tough, because the Churchill twice came from behind to lead the Reds, only to have the tables turned in the eighth when the Redmen led 11-10.

When the Reds went on a heavy hitting bee in the second half of the eighth, the visitors argued that it should have been declared a seven-inning game, though no objection had been made when they went to bat at the beginning of the eighth.

After the first two Churchill batters had fanned in the first of the ninth inning, the visitors refused to send a third man to bat, and the umpire called the strikes over the empty plate. "Happy" Neal, officiating behind the home plate, had experienced no difficulty in seeing the ball, he stated.

The Redmen started the scoring when Hilton and Gibeay came in on Cunningham's homer. Churchill scored once in the second, and after a scoreless third inning, piled up five runs when Ivan Eves, hurling for the Reds, got into trouble and none of his team-mates seemed able to help.

Desk-Carvers Absent Among Newmarket School Children

Pupils Taught Respect Of
Public Property, School
Desks Show

The art of school desk sculpture is as dead as a cigar store Indian, The Era learned after a survey was made of the desk tops in the Alexander Muir school this week. Caricatures of the teacher's pet, and such phrases as "Skinny is a sissy," together with sundry names and initials, no longer mar the public school property.

A phone call to the janitor, Mr. Hoare, brought the information, "There has been very little carving of names and initials for the last ten years. There are some marks there over 15 years old that have been dug too deeply to be fixed up."

The desks at the Alexander Muir are for the most part about 45 years old. Inspection showed them to be worn at the edges and with deep gouges made by the pencil heads of generations of Newmarket children. No names appeared on the tops.

The present generation of children are larger, taller and healthier than their predecessors, it was learned, and it was necessary to get a supply of larger desks at the Alexander Muir when the Stuart Scott school was built and could absorb the supply of the smaller desks.

One of these new desks was pointed out with a shiny spot in Page 4, col. 6

TALAGOS IN AURORA

The Talagoos, Newmarket's lacrosse hopes, have not yet been able to find home grounds on which to practice. For the time being they are using the Aurora arena.

him out.

The Reds tied up the score in the fifth when Cunningham again smashed out a homer to bring in Hilton and Gibeay with him. Eves held the Churchill team scoreless in the fifth but walked a couple in the sixth and was relieved by Webster.

With the score still tied and with two men out, Churchill went into the lead again when three runners crossed home plate to make the score 9-6.

The visitors tallied again in the eighth with a single and then the Redmen went to work. The Churchill pitcher had been changed, and it was a change for the better so far as the Reds were concerned.

They liked it, and ran up five runs before the first man was put out. Cunningham led loose a three-bagger and came home when Selby singled.

Peters' three-bagger brought in Selby and Brammer doubled to score him. Burkholder bent his way to second, to come in on Hilton's hit.

HAS RIPE TOMATOES

"I picked two large ripe tomatoes today," C. W. Holmes told The Era on Wednesday, "and I will have six more ripe on Saturday." These, so far as The Era has learned, are the first tomatoes in town.

HIT BY HEAT

The heat was too much for Mrs. W. H. Brodie when she was visiting at Island Grove on Sunday. Though Mrs. Brodie has not been well for some time, she is feeling much better now.

Coming Events

(Coming Events announcements one cent a word per week, minimum 25 cents.)

SATURDAY, JULY 17—Dancing, Royal Simcoe Hotel. Follow the crowd to Lake Simcoe's most popular dancing rendezvous. Admission ten cents, five cents a dance. Free admission until 10 p.m. Lucky draw. *1w24

FRIDAY, JULY 16—Barn dance just east of Bogartown, opening "New Steel Barn" on lot 29, concession 4, Whitechurch. Novelty dances and prizes. Fun for young and old. Old-time and modern music by the Royal Arcadians with Billy Hole calling off. Admission 25 cents. *1w24

Eat Less Butter And Sugar In Hot Weather, Doctor Says

A Little Tan Is Healthful,
While Too Much Is
Harmful

"A lot of suffering from the heat could be avoided if people would watch their diet more carefully," Mayor Dr. S. J. Boyd advised the Era's perspiring reporter on Tuesday.

"If you would like to be cooler, avoid the use of butter and sugar and similar heat-producing foods," he said. "Unfortunately it is these things that make our meals more tasty, and a correct summer diet is apt to be an unpopular one. Whole-wheat bread is better than white bread for summer use."

"Fruits should be eaten with milk during the hot weather and not with sugar and cream. Tea should be a good summer drink if it is taken without cream or sweetening and if it is not too strong."

Speaking about general diets, Dr. Boyd felt that people would enjoy better health if more raw

RECOVERS FROM FEVER

Lawrie O'Donnell was out again on Wednesday after being quarantined for a month for scarlet fever.

FLIES TO VISIT DAD

Mr. Arnold W. Walker of Victoria, B.C., flew home to visit his aged father, W. Walker, Bradford, who is in very poor health. Mr. Walker lived for some time on Yonge St., near Newmarket.

food were consumed. "Vegetables lose some of their food value when they are cooked," he stated.

The reporter asked about the scanty garb worn by many of the youngsters during the summer months.

"If the tan can be acquired slowly, I think it's healthful," he said. "A severe sun-burn can give quite a shock to the nervous system, and over-exposure to the sun's rays should be avoided."

Mount Albert Softballers Drop Game To Reds, 10-3

Bill VanZant Pitches Good
Softball Game For
Redmen

The locals batted out a 10-4 victory over Mount Albert on Thursday night at the Stuart Scott school grounds. Mitchell, 15-year-old hurler for the visitors, pitched a nice game, but the boys got away on him for a five-run spurge in the fifth inning.

Smith started the scoring in the first inning when he bunted to first, then hot-footed it to third to come home on Hilton's hitting. Hilton, helped by an overthrow, came home on a hit by Brammer.

There was no further scoring until the third inning, when Gibeay crossed home plate to give the Reds a three-run lead. A two-run effort in the fourth made things look a little better for the visitors, and Stewart got them another counter in the fifth.

Mount Albert hopes faded, however, when the Reds went on a bunting spree in the fifth inning. Brammer, Gibeay, Cunningham and Chuck and Bill VanZant turned in runs for the Redmen.

After a scoreless sixth inning the Mount Albert first baseman took advantage of a fielding slip

ANGELICAN CHILDREN HOLD PICNIC AT LAKE

About 75 children of St. Paul's Anglican church Sunday-school enjoyed a picnic at the Royal Simcoe Hotel on Wednesday afternoon.

Rain during the afternoon made it necessary for the children to return to the Memorial hall, where lunch was served and games brought the very pleasant afternoon to a close. The usual races had to be cancelled but prizes were given for the games.

to get to third base and ambled home as the next three batters tried vainly to reach first.

Two runs in the seventh inning for the home team completed the scoring for the night.

Bill VanZant pitched well for the Redmen and has developed a slow ball that had the batters worried.

Harry Draper, playing centre field for Mount Albert, was badly hurt during the fourth inning and had to be carried from the field. Speedy Giles, of the Redmen, substituted for him.

Many Students Of Local High School Find Jobs This Year

Improved conditions, it is believed, are reflected in the fact that many youths are now finding employment readily. Figures contained in a recent report made to the Newmarket high school board indicate that pupils are finding jobs more quickly than has been the case in the past few years.

"Seventy-three pupils of New-

market high school left their studies to take jobs, between the beginning of the January term and the closing of school for the summer," P. W. Pearson, member of the high school board, told The Era this week.

"We think it points to a very good condition of affairs," he added.

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ANDREW OLDING HEBB,
Editor and Proprietor
142 Main St., Newmarket

THURSDAY, JULY 15TH, 1937

BUT AREN'T WE ALL?

The provincial department of health suggests ten cents per capita as a basis for computing the remuneration of health officers, according to the Amherstburg Echo. This would give the following local salaries: Newmarket, \$349; Aurora, \$275; King, \$413; East Gwillimbury, \$338; Whitby, \$289; North Gwillimbury, \$158; Georgina, \$155. The Echo says: "Medical officers of health are notoriously underpaid. If they received salaries adequate to compensate them for loss of time and energy from their private practices, doubtless the result would be a more efficient administration of municipal health matters." There are health officers doing work that they don't get paid for, and there are probably some getting paid for work that they don't do. As a class they are probably underpaid for the work they do, as the Echo states, although we believe that the salaries paid in northern York county compare favorably with those set out above.

More Health Work To Do

There is an unlimited amount of work that medical officers of health, aided by public health nurses, could do, and it would take a lot more than ten cents a head to pay them for doing it. Only a minority of people have any grasp of the fundamentals of modern scientific knowledge of everyday health. Probably our schools are teaching more than formerly about health. It would be a splendid thing, if feasible, if every municipality had a full-time health officer, with half a dozen nurses to help him, to go from home to home, and to the schools, teaching the fundamentals of diet, cleanliness, rest, pre-natal care, motherhood, and the care of nose, throat, eyes and teeth. Lack of money stands in the way, just as lack of money stands in the way of proper diet for most families (inability to buy for the long winter months fruits, green vegetables, adequate quantities of milk and eggs, and cod liver oil). Someone will have to teach us these things, make us aware of needs, make us aware of new heights in health. Someone will have to teach us these things in our schools and in our homes. We would save the money we spent. Our better health would make us greater producers of wealth. And so we vote for bigger salaries for health officers and more duties for them too.

STATISTICS UNLIMITED

What do they want with all those figures? That was the question put by a town councillor last week when the town clerk and solicitor stated that the department of municipal affairs is asking for the total assessed frontages for both residential and commercial properties. The department of municipal affairs, we believe, was the baby of the Hepburn government and of Hon. David A. Croll in particular. A number of municipalities went into financial default during the depression years, and the province had to administer their affairs. The province began to think that it should watch municipal affairs more closely, we fancy, and the result was a new department. One of the principal undertakings of Mr. Croll was to compile municipal statistics, and he published two elaborate books, one in 1935 for 1934, and one in 1936 for 1935, selling for \$5 a copy (free to editors), and giving a great deal of interesting comparative information about every municipality in the province.

A Dollar's Worth of Frontage

Now we suppose that the department of municipal affairs, even with Mr. Croll gone, is going into the thing even more elaborately. The books will probably be priced at \$6 (free to editors), and the sales will be doubled (two times nothing), we guess. When you want to know the assessed frontage in Grimsthorpe, or Wawanosh East or Bangor, Wicklow and McClure (those three names belong to one township), you come in and see our copy (free to editors).

We Even Hope

We don't complain. We don't criticize. We suppose it is a trend. We suppose that those of us who live in municipalities don't know how to rule ourselves as well as those who live in cabinets. We suppose our frontages are very interesting to other people with frontages. We even hope that the expensive new department of municipal affairs (and statistics) proves useful, successful and profitable.

WHY TAKE A HOLIDAY?

Even if it means working overtime before you go, and working extra when you get back, and even if it means going nowhere but into the back garden for two or three days or a week, take a holiday. Why? We could give a dozen reasons for you to take a holiday, but we probably would not hit the one that would appeal to you. You just pick your own reason, and take a holiday. Some people take holidays out of habit, some because they don't like work, some because they don't like to keep on saving what they have saved, and some because they enjoy a holiday.

When To Rise

Now when the holiday actually starts you may think it the right thing to "sleep in" of mornings. Not so. You should rise early (retiring early if possible) and be able to say to yourself: "Another long day ahead and nothing that I have to do." If you sleep in, you will have only a week of half-holidays, and what could be more unsatisfactory. Once the writer had a university teacher of history who had been in Europe several summers. That is the nearest the writer has come to visiting the European scene. That university professor used to tell how members of his party would spend hours and hours resting their feet after sight-seeing. "Not me," declared the professor. "I didn't miss anything. No matter how tired my feet were, I kept on going. I was going to see everything I could." So don't let your holiday get you down. Rise early and keep the holiday situation in control.

THE DAYS OF DIPLOMACY

The League of Nations is one of the great achievements of this century, and the only tangible reward for the great sacrifices made by the common people of most of the world's nations during the great war. While the League has brought international diplomacy out into the open, the war problem has not yet been finally solved. With Russia talking of making war on Japan, with other nations threatening to enter the Spanish civil war openly, have we made much progress since 1914? In The Era columns of 25 years ago we find the following news dispatch: "Sir Edward Grey's frustration of Germany's willingness to make war on France over the Morocco question last summer was bitterly resented by Germans of every degree. The national spirit was deeply offended by this high-handed interference. It seems clear now that Sir Edward took too seriously the German attitude, but the resentment was none the less bitter in Germany. Has Baron Marshall been placed where he can do the most good, face to face with Sir Edward, to see that German foreign policy is not again thwarted as it was?"

PAINTSTAKING

The final evening of practice for the R. S. A. Bugle Band under their Toronto instructor, until September, took place last Thursday evening in the pasture, east of the Main St., where a Bolton's Bakery horse usually rules supreme, seldom failing to register galloping amazement when the trains rush by. The band was working on a new selection. First, the buglers practised, and then the drummers practised, and then they practised together. The instructor was not easily satisfied and he made the boys do their bit over and over again until practice and instruction made pretty nearly perfect.

Learning How To Live

Those boys aren't wasting their time. They are going to school. They are educating themselves. It is a school of recreation, not a technical school. They are becoming bachelors of arts. They are learning how to get more enjoyment out of life. They are learning that happiness is not in the money you earn, but in the ability to spend your time, working time and playing time, well. Those bugle band boys will be among Newmarket's finest citizens in a few years. They deserve every encouragement, and their leaders, Roy Rhinehart, Frank Smith and Wm. Andrews, deserve the heartiest public support.

Three Outstanding Men

Is there any other young people's organization in the town to which three men are giving so much of their time? We would doubt if a parallel could be found anywhere in the province. These three men are giving the lion's share of their free time to the band. That is why it is such a good band, and that is why Newmarket is so proud of it. These men give one, two, three or four, five and six nights a week to the bugle band. They should be highly honored men in this community.

BICYCLING FOR A HOLIDAY

Reading of a bicycle tour of Cape Breton island, Nova Scotia, which a Midland Free Press reporter made last month, reminds the writer that eight years ago, while a reporter for the Halifax Chronicle and Star, he spent a holiday in the exact same way. Like the Georgian Bay reporter he found that bicycling up Cape Breton hills was mighty stiffening to one who was not accustomed to that mode of travel. But it is a grand way to see the world. You see more than from a car. You look through no windows, and what a thirst you raise, to quench with sparkling well water.

Nova Scotia Highlands

Cape Breton is New Scotland's highlands. The people of the Cape Breton countryside are mostly highland Scotch, some Presbyterian but mostly, we believe, Catholic in religion. Among the Scotch people there are still a few who speak Gaelic only, although they have lived in Cape Breton longer than Ontario has been settled. There are also quite a few French-speaking people in Cape Breton, Acadians, whose forefathers once manned Louisbourg, that great French stronghold which now lies in rocky ruins but is still worth visiting. Many of them speak English only brokenly.

Claims To Fame

Cape Breton is a place of mountainous, rugged beauty, something comparable to the beauty of British Columbia. The Bras d'Or lakes (of which Ralph Connor has written in Arms of Gold) are inland salt-water seas. There are scenes of amazing beauty. Alexander Graham Bell's home at Baddeck is on a wood-clad mountain overlooking the lake. The home of the present premier of Nova Scotia, Angus L. MacDonald, is at Port Hood in Cape Breton. The leader of the opposition, Gordon S. Harrington, who went down to defeat a few weeks ago, is a Cape Breton lawyer, living in the coal and steel city of Sydney with his mines extending out under the ocean. Cape Breton is famous for other things too. It was in Cape Breton that the first successful flight of a heavier-than-air machine took place. Cape Breton was also the home of McAskill, the giant who travelled the North American continent with a circus and whose amazing boots are still preserved in the Nova Scotia museum (pieces of stove-pipe inserted to keep them in shape). There are a lot of remarkably tall people in Cape Breton, the result of highland ancestry, too much oatmeal and diet deficiencies, no doubt.

TERRIFIC LOSSES IN WESTERN CANADA

It is sad news that comes out of western Canada. Extreme drought conditions indicate the possibility of the smallest crop of wheat that Canada has harvested in ten or 15 years. It is estimated that last week's heat cost the wheat growers \$250,000,000. It is a lot of money to lose, or, to speak more exactly, it is a lot of food for the world to lose. Efforts to reclaim the west, through planting forests, and using certain areas for pasture rather than breaking the soil and allowing wind-storms to carry it away, are making rapid headway. Man cannot interfere very much with nature's ways without paying a penalty. Canada has "mined" the rich prairie soil, and now the time has come, these last five or six years, to pay the price. Men, women and children, whose hopes of quick competences have turned into hunger and rage, are paying the price of our inability to look ahead. Incidentally, Moose Jaw's recent default on bond interest is a direct result of the prairie farmers' misfortunes. At a time when Ontario municipalities are getting into stronger financial positions, a western city goes into default.

25 Years Ago

From Era File, July 19, 1912

Mr. Robt. Cox of Beeton has moved to Newmarket.
Mr. Steckley is expected here tomorrow.
Miss Rebe Gilmore is spending her holidays in Penetang.
Miss Walsh left for Schomberg yesterday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Y. Broughton spent the weekend at the lake.
Miss Mae Stork is visiting in Toronto with her sister, Mrs. Rooney.
Mr. and Mrs. Sibley spent the weekend with friends at Peters' Corners.
Mrs. P. J. Flanagan and daughter, Daisy, have returned to Prince Albert, Sask.
Mrs. W. H. Carley left on Tuesday for Hamilton and Brantford to visit her sons.
Miss Alma Breuls of Ringwood is visiting her cousin, Miss Mildred Cook.
Miss Esther Stark is spending her vacation among relatives in Uxbridge.
Mrs. E. Marshall and Miss Jessie Smith of Toronto are visiting Mr. Boulton Hewitt.
Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Schmidt and Mr. and Mrs. Gillard spent the weekend at Penetang.
Mr. J. E. Cane and family left yesterday to spend a month on their houseboat at Penetang.
Mr. W. J. Patterson was visited on Wednesday by his brother and wife from Shelburne, Ont.
Mr. J. T. Cuyler, son of Mr. A. T. Cuyler, arrived here from Medicine Hat last week.
Mr. R. N. Merritt, principal of Newmarket high school, has been reading exam papers in Toronto this week.
Mrs. Smith of Toronto spent Thursday of last week with her friend, Mrs. Art. Brammar.
Rev. and Mrs. Simpson have returned from Toronto.
Mrs. E. H. Brooks and Mrs. R. H. Weddel went to Aurora on Tuesday to visit their cousin, Mr. Wakefield Howard, who is seriously ill.
Mrs. Art. Crittenden of Sears, Mich. and Mrs. Frank Crittenden of Beamsville, formerly of Keswick, visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Kewon on Monday.
Marriage—On June 21, 1912, at Devonshire, Eng., by the Rev. Canon Palmer, William Stanley Barwick, eldest son of Mrs. Wm. Barwick of Vancouver and grandson of the late John Barwick, Holland Landing, to Miss Eva Buller, second daughter of Edmund Buller, Campbellford, Ont.
Death—At the residence of Mrs. Harford, Newmarket, on July 12, 1912, Vina Hunt, in her 63rd year.

50 Years Ago

From Era File, July 15, 1887.

Mr. Jos. Bogart spent Sunday in Buffalo.
Miss Jessie Brown is visiting Miss L. Lehman.
Miss Busby of Oakville is visiting Miss Walker.
Mrs. P. D. Will and children are visiting Mr. J. W. Collins.
Mr. J. E. Hollingshead is spending part of his holidays in Keswick.
Mrs. Empey of Harrison is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hewitt.
Miss Denham of Petrolia is back at "The Cedars" for her holidays.
Mr. J. P. Belfry was at Lefroy on Wednesday.
Miss Minnie Rosemond of Toronto is visiting Mrs. A. Robertson.
Miss Lila Walker of Aurora is spending a few days with Miss Lina Irwin.
Miss Clayton of Parkdale is visiting Miss Playter.
Miss E. Murray from Beeton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Rhinehart.
Mrs. Wallace is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lazenby, Church St.
Miss Scarlet of Toronto has been spending the past week at the home of Councillor Bowden.
Mrs. Harry Lloyd and Miss Lillie Meredith spent last week with Mrs. Jesse Dean.
Mrs. Grieve of Palmerston, daughter of Rev. W. W. Smith, is visiting in town.
Mr. Theodore Simpson and family left this week for Summerside, P. E. I.
Miss Alice Reader of South Mountain, formerly of Newmarket, was in town this week.
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Robertson left on Wednesday for a trip to the South.
Mr. Thos. Hunter left for Severn Bridge this week.
Miss Rose Townley, who has lately returned from England, is visiting Mrs. C. H. Simpson.
Mr. Louis Reesor of Cedar Grove, brother of Mr. B. F. Reesor, spent Sunday in town.
Messrs. Jas. and Henry Lowe went to Kingston last week to attend their brother's marriage.
Dr. Widdifield, M. L. A., and Mr. Jas. Allen, Jr., are representing Tuscan Lodge at the meeting of Masonic Grand Lodge at Brockville this week.
Marriage—At St. Basil's church, Toronto, on July 8, 1887, John J. Donohue to Katie, second daughter of Mr. Matthew Madden of Newmarket.
Death—In Newmarket, on July 8, 1887, Jane, beloved wife of Mr. John Brimmon, in her 50th year.

How Careless

"Now, Billy, what did I tell you last time about birds?"
"Surely you ain't forgotten already, Teacher?"



A Matter Of Invitations

BY RUTH DINAMAN HESS

"I certainly wish more people would put bird-baths in their gardens," sighed Rob Robin one blistering hot day in July. "There are a few in town, but not nearly enough to accommodate us all comfortably in this weather. I just haven't the strength to pull a worm out of the ground."
"Well, if you ask me, I think the best thing to do is to keep out in the cool, dark woods just now," chirped a Chickadee. "I'm in town only because I had a message to deliver."
"Oh, but I like being near people so much," explained Rob. "Of course, I know that the woods are safer in many ways. There are a great many cats around the town and they are certainly having a grand time these days."
"Why especially just now?" asked the Chickadee.
"Because there are so many young birds around, just learning to fly and who aren't very sure of themselves yet," replied Rob. "Why, hello! Here's Hattie Nut-hatch. We didn't expect to see you here today."
"Well, I'm here and I heard what you just said," said Hattie briskly. "And I'd just like to add something from the woman's point of view. If more of you fathers would take your responsibilities seriously there wouldn't be so many of our young birds killed by those awful cats. So many of the bird gentlemen think that their job is over as soon as the little birds are big enough to leave the nest. And some shirk helping even before that."
"Why, just now the woods are half full of carefree fathers who go flying off to enjoy themselves with the other men and leave the poor little mothers to worry about the safety of their offspring."
"I quite agree with you, Hattie," joined in Mrs. Rob Robin. "Our husbands are certainly not the gay and rollicking singers that they were in May and June, and they don't take the same interest in their families that they took in the spring. I'm sure I don't know how they expect the children to learn the songs."
"There aren't very many songsters singing now, at all," complained Hattie, "except in the early mornings and in the early evenings. Oh, that reminds me of why I'm here. It is to invite you all to a little party tomorrow evening."
"How lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Robin. "What sort of a party is it and who will be there?"
"It's a twilight musicale," said Hattie. "The artist will be Mr. Veery, the Wilson's Thrush. He's singing a lot these evenings, you know, and tomorrow he has consented to give an extra long concert for the benefit of the general bird public—our crowd, I mean. All the Woodpeckers, Chickadees and Nuthatches will be there as well as the Phoebe, Wood Pewees and Great-Crested Flycatchers, Robins, Orioles and Ovenbirds."
"The Cedar Waxwings and Goldfinches were invited but can't come because they were so late nesting and can't leave their eggs. Imagine! I have no sympathy with them. Oh, yes, and the Bobolinks and Meadowlarks were invited but didn't accept because they don't like going into the woods," concluded Hattie.
"That sounds just lovely," said Mrs. Rob with interest. "I do love those vesper trills of the Veery's. But didn't you ask my friend Kitty Catbird to the party?"
"As a matter of fact, that's rather an embarrassing question," said Hattie with a blush. "An unfortunate thing happened last week. Little Johnny Chickadee, my dear friend Cora's youngster, was playing and he accidentally rushed in upon Mrs. Catbird as she was trying to get her children to leave the nest. She chased him away so ferociously that he lost his sense of direction and we didn't find him for ages. His poor mother was simply frantic and of course she is simply furious at the Catbird. She vows she won't speak to her and insists that we don't ask her to the party."
"That doesn't sound a bit like Cora to be so unforgiving," laughed the Robin lady. "And I do think it's rather unfair to Kitty, because after all, he was intruding. However, I guess it's none of my business, and I won't interfere. But I do think Cora will be sorry if she makes an enemy of Kitty over that. I guess we mothers aren't normal when we think someone is hurting our children and both Cora and Kitty thought so in this case. We must try to bring them together, before the party if possible. Come on, I'll go back with you."
"I thought you said you weren't going to interfere," said Hattie with a smile as they started off.

The Common Round

By Isabel Inglis Colville

"JULY"

July seems to do something to people. On July 4, some 148 years ago, the United States of America saw their dream of independence come true.
Seventy years ago, on July 1, our provinces at last managed to realize that co-operation was better for everybody concerned than a policy of each province for itself. I've often wondered why these two so important events in the lives of these two young nations culminated in July.
Today, the hottest day this year, I feel I have arrived at a possible solution. I am absolutely certain that, should we inquire into the matter, we would find that the summer of 1887 was one of intense heat; so intense that it melted all prejudices and strong opposition to confederation, leaving the leaders so exhausted that they couldn't even indulge in their chief form of recreation—verbal warfare.
When you get up in the morning, these sultry July days, you wonder how it is going to be possible to follow the daily round of duties that lies in wait for most of us.
I have a little recipe which I will pass on: after breakfast is over, and the man of the family has departed, I call the cat roll and, attended by as many of my four-footed chums as answer my call, I proceed to make the round of my flowers.
First we stop and have a little talk to the roses—I always think roses can smile, they nod any way—and while I sample their perfume and rejoice over each opening bud, the cats slink beneath the bushes, imagining they are jungle animals and fancying themselves as great hunters, of stray beetles and bugs. Then I hear a queer, muffled meowing, and see a hitherto absent member of the cat clan hurrying toward me, and I try to make out what she is carrying.
All my attendant pussies are hurrying toward her and sniffing excitedly. At last she marches triumphantly up to me, lays down her burden, and sits back with an air of saying, "See that, can you beat it?" and I look down at a very large and very dead frog, and try to slide away from there as quickly as I possibly can, without hurting her feelings, for she is elderly and very sensitive.
Our next stop is at our little pool. Here the cats have a drink and admire the pussies that look back at them from the water.
By this time I'm feeling soothed and ready to agree with the poet who wrote—
"And I think that these garden closes,
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod,
And their lilies and bowers of roses,
Were laid by the hand of God;
The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."
But the beauty and peace are shattered when I come in and turn on the news broadcast—so many tragic things—the drownings alone, are appalling. The drowning of a child always brings to mind something which happened in my early girlhood, but which is still as vivid as the day it occurred.
It was a July day like this one—hot, sultry, and with the mutter of a thunder constantly in one's ears.
I was sitting beside an open window, reading, when a strange sound struck through the quiet, a long, wailing cry, like nothing I had ever heard before; it came again and again, and looking out, I saw a woman and man hurrying along the street; the woman wringing her hands and moaning.
Some one came in and told us that her son had just been drowned. He was only twelve, and it seemed so fearful that his young life could be snuffed out so suddenly. Drownings were not so frequent then—now, they seem of almost hourly occurrence, and when I multiply that mother's heartbroken cry by the hundreds which must fill the air in a single summer, I feel appalled at the preventable sorrow around us.
July seems to hold so much of beauty—the sky is never so blue, the water has never so silvery a sheen, the green of growing things never so vivid a color—the scent of now-mown hay, the fragrance of roses and the whole world seems like a great bowl of scent, color and bounty.

Today is the twelfth of July, and from all over the dominion, Orangemen are flocking to centres to celebrate. Here is another date (this time to do with religious differences) where perhaps July heat, added to the heat of men's prejudices, brought to a point feelings which only a battle could cool.
I can remember, as a small girl, driving with my father through many parts of Lanark county in early July, and hearing the fife shrilling and the drums beating in preparation, and I still have the picture of a horse of ours, borrowed for the day, proudly bearing on his back a be-feathered King William, all complete except spurs, which my father barred.

It seems to me that in July everything is more intense; if we are irritable, we are just a little more so than ordinarily. If we are pleased, our pleasure is more vivid. The bite of snakes and mad dogs are more dangerous in July and August, but the songs of birds are sweeter, the breezes (when we get them) balmy, and so many pleasures are ours for the taking, that it seems as if in the case of July, as in many another case, good and ill balance pretty well, and although sometimes we could well be cooler, we would not, if we could, do without this month of vivid contrasts.

And another thing—this business of keeping one's shoes shined and of keeping a press in one's trousers leaves us as cold as a custom collector's heart. Shiny trousers find no favor—why shiny shoes? And you'd think it silly if we pressed our shoes—why the accent on pants? And we have another argument... did you ever gaze upon a full-length statue of a famous man? Did he have a crease in his trousers? Come on, answer me!



We guess that's settled.
Hot Weather Note
We think we've hit upon a plan to make the hot weather more bearable. Listen carefully. Simply leave your Christmas cards unopened until July and then open them—one on each day—until the cool weather comes again.
This heat trouble is purely mental—you just think you're hot—and we're sure that the daily contemplation of a Christmas card will fix you up nicely. You're quite welcome.

Note Of Explanation
As a matter of fact we hit upon the plan by accident. We were cleaning up our desk on one of the 90-degree days last week, and we ran across a couple of greeting cards that we had neglected to open. We sat staring at them for a moment, read the verses carefully, then walked over to the thermometer and laughed in its face... heartily, but without malice.

Some of you, with stronger minds than ours, may find this plan insufficiently strong in its application. The mere contemplation of a Christmas card may not do the trick. If this be the case we suggest you go the whole hog (no offense, we hope) and address and mail a few Christmas cards. If that doesn't send cold shivers down your spine, nothing will.

Note Our Worried Look
The Boss is away on a holiday this week.
Which makes it difficult. It means that instead of having one person telling this reporter where to go and what to do when we get there, we have half-a-dozen. It wouldn't be so bad if they could agree on the general direction.

Just now we feel like going straight up in the air.
News seems unusually scarce, the correspondents, bless them, seem a little slow this week. And the only really big story had to go and happen when we were sound asleep. Every man and his dog were at the fire. We were in bed. It's life, I guess.

We're awfully glad about the police court. We got a column out of that.
Uninformative Note
And by the way, it's not a police court. It's a magistrate's court. A policeman told me, so we know it's true. But we don't know why. If it turns cooler and we turn energetic, there will be a story about it elsewhere in this paper. Otherwise there won't.

Informative Note
One thing we do know, and that is if things don't perk up a little round this office, someone is going to be just a little cross with us. We'll have to leave town quicker than money spent in a chain store.

Note of Approaching Senility
When we were very young we listened in mild amazement to our elders talking in acrid tones about the "younger generation". Some time later, when we were woefully observing the bagginess of our first pair of long pants, we awoke to the startling fact that the "younger generation" was us. That made it different.

We went on the defensive.
And now, when any youngster can call us "Mister" without his tongue in his cheek, we are disposed to watch the lads and lassies dawdling along Main St., and indulge in a little caustic comment ourselves. It's all very confusing.

Thinking it over, we feel that the whole problem would appear in better perspective if we referred to the more modern generation as the offspring of the present one. In discussing the youngsters' shortcomings we might speak more to the point if we remembered that they learned most of their tricks from us—from the books we gave them—from the plays we sent them to see—and from the acquaintance-whips which we didn't care whether they made or not.

ECOLESTIASTICAL CANDOR
The minister was contemplating the new baby.
"Well, now that you have seen him," said the fond mother, "who do you think he is like?"
The guest looked at the child for a moment and said: "Well, of course, intelligence has not yet dawned in his face, but he is wonderfully like both of you."

Headlines in the Italian newspaper "Tevere," proclaiming "disastrous rout of British troops in Spain" and "shocking acts of soldiers against defenseless population" gave British residents in Italy some excitement until they read the item to which the headline referred and found that the "rout" referred to was the retreat of Sir John Moore to Coruna in 1808.

Sixty long-range planes covered the Pacific on Tuesday for a last search for Amelia Earhart.

The present one-mill provincial subsidy paid by the Ontario government to all municipalities is likely to be increased to two mills in 1938, Premier Hepburn told a deputation from the Ontario Mayor's Association on Tuesday.

Thumb-sucking causes retarded growth, unsound sleep, loss of appetite, inferiority complex, and crooked teeth, Dr. Earl Swinehart of Baltimore told the American Dental Association on Tuesday. Now will you stop?

A paid-in-advance subscription list means a better local newspaper.

Orange Pekoe Blend "SALADA" TEA

Kindness To Animals Pays York Jersey Breeders Hear

Device For Pail - Feeding
Calves Shown At
Club Picnic

The York County Jersey Breeders' club were hosts to the members of the Peel, Halton, and Ontario County clubs on Saturday at their picnic, held at Woodland, southeast of Markham.

Following the lunch, provided by the ladies, T. J. Davidson, manager of Avondale Farms at Brockville, and president of the Canadian Jersey Cattle club, was guest speaker.

Mr. Davidson stressed kindness to the animals under the breeders' care, thoughtful study of feed requirements, and demonstrated a new device for feeding pail-fed calves from a pail equipped with a nipple, to be as near as possible imitate the natural method for calves to take their milk. It is claimed that this overcomes some of the digestive troubles of calves.

Others who spoke briefly were Jos. Bremner, secretary of the Canadian Jersey Cattle club, and Mr. Bruner, the fieldman, while Doug. Thompson, president of the Ontario County club, and D. O. Bull of the Peel club, brought greetings from their respective clubs. Best wishes were also received by wire from the Yorkshire Breeders' association.

Lunch over, the young folks tried out the swimming pool, while their elders, including the ladies, played horseshoes, under the trees. Later an interesting program of sports was run off by J. B. Gregg of Aurora and W. M. Cockburn, agricultural representative for York county.

A great deal of interest was taken in the watermelon contest, with two young folks, Phyllis Lanthier of King and Ward Graft of Acton, both guessing the correct weight. Each carried off

half of the prize. The officers of the club are—F. W. Tomlinson of Baldwin, president; W. L. Clark of Gormley, vice-president; and Reg. Wood of Aurora, secretary.

Most of the local arrangements were in the capable hands of Geo. Freeman of Box Grove and the members of his family.

NORTH GWILLIMBURY NAME OFFICER FOR LAKE ROAD

North Gwillimbury council met on July 5 in Belhaven. The adjourned court of revision of the assessment roll was completed and the sum of \$15,000 was added to the roll for 1937.

The council then took up the regular business. A by-law was passed, appointing Bernard Rye special constable for patrolling the lake shore.

The oil tax of Mrs. Rose Prior was authorized to be struck off for 1936. The taxes of A. H. Montgomery, to the amount of \$8.81, were taken off the treasurer's books, as he does not own this property.

The following accounts were ordered paid: J. Stevenson, stamps, \$3; A. R. Crouch, constable and phone calls, \$113.30; Angus King, sheep valuator, \$2; Mr. Richardson, sheep claim, \$10; road voucher No. 7, \$7,348.92; F. L. VanNorman, trips to Toronto, \$10; York county hospitalization, \$36.95.

Husband: "The shares I paid so much for last week are now only worth five dollars each!"
Wife (trying to console him): "Of Acton, both guessing the correct weight. Each carried off

ANGLICANS TO HOLD BAZAAR

The Anglican W. A. met in the church basement on Thursday afternoon of last week for a quilting, with a short business session following. It was decided to hold a hot supper and bazaar some time in the fall.

The United church W. M. S. met on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Ewart Aitchison for a business and devotional meeting.

The garden party which was held on Monday evening of last week on the lawn of Elwood Aitchison's farm, 10th line, was a success in spite of the electric storm and rain which came just as the tables were set for supper.

The entertainment which was put on by Miss Henny and Mr. Dawson, Toronto, was much appreciated.

Several from here attended the Orangeville harness races on Wednesday of last week.

Miss Inez Williamson and Miss Gladys Taylor left last Saturday for a trip through western Canada by way of Port McNicoll and Fort William.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Marchant, Mr. and Mrs. C. Marchant and daughters, Audrey and Gwyneth, and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Marchant and family composed a family party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Marchant in Weston on Sunday.

Mrs. Moore of Ithaca, N.Y., has been spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Davis, here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fox, and Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Fox of Detroit, Mich., were weekend visitors of Mr. G. Fox in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Westlake of Toronto are spending a vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Westlake and other relatives in the district.

A heavy wind and electrical storm struck this district on Sunday shortly after dinner. Trees were blown down and other slight damage done.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Cookstown of Limehouse spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McGowan in town.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Dixon and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Dixon spent Sunday at Wasaga Beach.

Rev. and Mrs. McMillan and family are on a motor trip through western Canada.

"Can I borrow a dollar from you, Dad?"
"I shouldn't be surprised, you've had enough practice."

Three Sisters United Here For First Time In 28 Years

Picture Of Desolation Painted By Sisters Who Motor Through West

By Bea Westcott

"I would not have known her if I had not been expecting her," Mrs. R. S. Lewis of Calgary told The Era this week, speaking of her reunion with her sister, Mrs. Norman Forhan, of Newmarket, in Calgary on June 6.

Mrs. Lewis and her daughter, Miss Mary Lewis, returned to Newmarket with Mrs. Forhan on June 27. Here she met her other sister, Mrs. Sam Gibney. The three sisters had not been together for 28 years.

"It was in 1909 that we left for Calgary and I have not seen either of my sisters since that time," Mrs. Lewis said. "Mrs. Forhan was just a girl of 13 and I was a bride of 18."

Mr. Lewis is from Queensville and Mrs. Lewis was formerly of Penetang.

Mrs. Lewis and Mary leave for Chatham today to spend a few weeks with Mrs. Lewis' daughter, Sister Mary Bernarda, at the Ursuline convent. On their return they will spend the rest of the summer in Newmarket.

Almost all temperatures were touched on the trip. On June 3, near Sioux city, Nebraska, there was a snow storm. In Kandersley, Saskatchewan, it was 102 degrees.

"It was frightfully hot that day," Mrs. Forhan said. "We had motored 400 miles from Calgary and when we arrived it was 102. Our faces were so red I did not know whether mine would ever return to its normal color. It was not only the sun, it was the hot wind."

"The young animals were all out when we drove west to Calgary," Mrs. Forhan said. "In Montana we watched three shepherds with six dogs herd 2,000 sheep over a bridge. It was so strange to watch them. The old sheep went over together first and then all the lambs followed. Once they crossed the bridge, the lambs asked out their mothers. We asked the shepherds how they were able to do it among so many sheep, but he just said they could always do it."

"On the way back we came through southern Alberta and southern Saskatchewan," Mrs. Forhan said. "There is no crop at all. What grain there is only about two inches high and it is baked by the hot sun. Where they could, farmers have moved out. We saw many who appeared to be leaving. One particular party drew our attention. There was the father and his little daughter in the front seat and a son in the back. There was no woman with them. All their possessions seemed to be in the covered wagon and they were setting out on the trip north."

"When we passed through the

towns, the storekeepers would tell us that all the farmers that were left were on relief, but were hoping for a better crop next year," Mrs. Lewis said. "This year is the worst it has been. There will not be any green feed and they managed to get that last year. There has not been a crop for seven years now. The people are still cheerful, they have to be to go through it year after year."

"We visited a friend one Sunday on a farm and he had a lovely crop," Mrs. Lewis said. "We were asking him his plans for spending the money it would bring at harvest time. He was going to fix up the house, and do all the little odds and ends that needed doing. The next day there was a hail storm that flattened his crop out so that there was no harvest at all. He was in to see us the next Sunday, and told us that he hoped for 'better luck next year!'"

"The houses are in very poor shape, nothing has been done to them for so long," Mrs. Forhan said. "Window panes remain broken. There is no paint. It made me blue to just drive through it. I don't know how the people can remain cheerful through it all."

Mrs. Lewis was amazed at seeing all the pictures on the walls and the china on display in the houses. "We can't do that in Calgary. When there is a dust storm, we have to go through the house, wash windows, curtains, pictures, blankets, all the dishes, and everything that is in view. We do a regular housecleaning. We don't leave many pictures on the walls. It makes too much work. I keep the dishes I don't use in the basement where they don't get so dusty."

"We have so much to talk about that we have not even mentioned yet, so much to tell about the 28 years we have been apart, that it will take us all summer. It is hard to believe that after all these years of talking about seeing each other that we are actually together again. We hope to get at least one good family reunion."

PLAN REUNION OF FORMER SCHOLARS

Plans are being made for a reunion of former and present pupils, teachers and officials of Vandorf public school, to be held on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, July 31. Invitations have been sent out to more than 400 former pupils.

Among the speakers will be Morgan Baker, M.L.A., R. H. Roberts, inspector of public schools, C. W. Mulloy, former inspector, Rev. Dr. W. D. Muckle, Newmarket, Rev. G. W. Lynd, Stayner, Rev. G. O. Lightbourne, Aurora.

This year when there is such a noticeable trend toward home improvement that even the housewife who is perfectly satisfied with her lot years for the smell of paint and the clutter of stacked furniture about her house.

Colors are stronger and darker than they have been in previous years. One leading shade is pink—not pale shell pink but a rich dusky tone. This provides a good background for white accessories.

Bright green-blue is another popular color for walls and cocoa brown is a third. These colors are smart, whether the room is to be papered, painted or paneled in a modern fabric. Grey as well as the white shades have been in wide use.

Rooms which hold their color schemes to two tones are popular.

Ottawa — The home improvement spirit is taking hold in Canada among persons who are financially equipped to spend money on their homes, as well as among those who find it necessary to borrow under the Home Improvement Plan.

A striking illustration of this fact is contained in a letter sent to the National Employment Commission by a large Montreal contracting firm. This organization, which has found it worthwhile to start a special department for securing business of the character contemplated in the Home Improvement Plan, reports that in eight weeks not a single client has found it necessary to avail himself of the loaning privileges. During that period business averaging a little more than \$13,000 a month for home repairs has been secured.

"People generally are becoming more and more Home Improvement minded," this letter concludes.

LOCAL MARKET

Eggs took another jump on the local market Saturday morning, selling at 28, 30 and 32 cents a dozen. A few small eggs sold from 25 to 27 cents a dozen. Butter brought 25 and 26 cents a pound.

Young chickens sold at 25 cents a pound and yearlings went for 20 cents a pound.

The fresh vegetables made a good showing on the market. Beets sold at two bunches for five cents and five cents a bunch, depending on the size of the bunch. Carrots were ten cents a bunch, three for ten cents and two for five cents, also depending on the size of the bunch. Radishes were five cents a bunch. Lettuce brought five cents a head. Parsley sold at two bunches for five cents.

New potatoes brought 30 cents and 25 cents a basket, depending on the size of the potatoes. Green peas were variously priced at 25, 30 and 35 cents a basket.

Gooseberries and red currants sold at two baskets for 25 cents. Red cherries cost 50 cents a large basket and 10 cents a quart basket.

TORONTO MARKETS

Graded shipments of eggs sold on the Toronto market on Tuesday for 23½ cents to 24 cents for grade A large. Ungraded sold at 21 cents.

Ontario creamery solids traded in the range of 25½ to 20 cents for No. 1 grade. Top grade prints moved at 27 to 27½ cents.

Spring chickens, 2 to 3 lbs., sold at 18 cents for select A dressed. Fatted hens, 4 to 5 lbs., sold at 14 cents.

Good grade stockers reached \$5.50, while common to medium sold from \$3.50 to \$4.75. Butcher steers and heifers went at \$5 to \$7.25. Butcher cows brought \$3.25 to \$5. The majority of sales on the calf market were between \$8 and \$8. Grass calves went at \$3.50 to \$4.

The hog market closed steady at \$10.25 to \$10.40 for off-truck bacon. Dressed hogs were quoted at a delivered basis of \$13.05 to \$13.75, while truck hogs went for \$9.75, f.o.b.

Good ewes and wethers brought \$11.50. Bucks were mostly \$10.50, and culls \$9 to \$10. Sheep were priced from \$1.50 to \$4.

Now We Know

Two Irishmen stood in front of a drug store in Dublin. In the window was a display of rubber gloves.

"Now I wonder what is them things for?" asked one of the Irishmen.

"Oh," replied the other Irishman, "ye can put them things on 'n' wash yer hands without gettin' yer hands wet."



(This column is sponsored by the Newmarket Home Improvement Plan committee. Mayor Dr. S. J. Boyd, honorary chairman. T. F. Doyle, chairman. M. H. Goslett, secretary.)

One of the surest antidotes for a home-minded woman with a discouraged feeling is redecoration.

The redecoration of one room or an entire house can do more to soothe the troubled spirit of the true housewife than a trip to the Canary Islands. And with the aid of the Home Improvement Plan such a panacea is easily obtainable by any one with a good credit rating.

This year when there is such a noticeable trend toward home improvement that even the housewife who is perfectly satisfied with her lot years for the smell of paint and the clutter of stacked furniture about her house.

Colors are stronger and darker than they have been in previous years. One leading shade is pink—not pale shell pink but a rich dusky tone. This provides a good background for white accessories.

Bright green-blue is another popular color for walls and cocoa brown is a third. These colors are smart, whether the room is to be papered, painted or paneled in a modern fabric. Grey as well as the white shades have been in wide use.

Rooms which hold their color schemes to two tones are popular.

Ottawa — The home improvement spirit is taking hold in Canada among persons who are financially equipped to spend money on their homes, as well as among those who find it necessary to borrow under the Home Improvement Plan.

A striking illustration of this fact is contained in a letter sent to the National Employment Commission by a large Montreal contracting firm. This organization, which has found it worthwhile to start a special department for securing business of the character contemplated in the Home Improvement Plan, reports that in eight weeks not a single client has found it necessary to avail himself of the loaning privileges. During that period business averaging a little more than \$13,000 a month for home repairs has been secured.

"People generally are becoming more and more Home Improvement minded," this letter concludes.

LOCAL MARKET

Eggs took another jump on the local market Saturday morning, selling at 28, 30 and 32 cents a dozen. A few small eggs sold from 25 to 27 cents a dozen. Butter brought 25 and 26 cents a pound.

Young chickens sold at 25 cents a pound and yearlings went for 20 cents a pound.

The fresh vegetables made a good showing on the market. Beets sold at two bunches for five cents and five cents a bunch, depending on the size of the bunch. Carrots were ten cents a bunch, three for ten cents and two for five cents, also depending on the size of the bunch. Radishes were five cents a bunch. Lettuce brought five cents a head. Parsley sold at two bunches for five cents.

New potatoes brought 30 cents and 25 cents a basket, depending on the size of the potatoes. Green peas were variously priced at 25, 30 and 35 cents a basket.

Gooseberries and red currants sold at two baskets for 25 cents. Red cherries cost 50 cents a large basket and 10 cents a quart basket.

TORONTO MARKETS

Graded shipments of eggs sold on the Toronto market on Tuesday for 23½ cents to 24 cents for grade A large. Ungraded sold at 21 cents.

Ontario creamery solids traded in the range of 25½ to 20 cents for No. 1 grade. Top grade prints moved at 27 to 27½ cents.

Spring chickens, 2 to 3 lbs., sold at 18 cents for select A dressed. Fatted hens, 4 to 5 lbs., sold at 14 cents.

Good grade stockers reached \$5.50, while common to medium sold from \$3.50 to \$4.75. Butcher steers and heifers went at \$5 to \$7.25. Butcher cows brought \$3.25 to \$5. The majority of sales on the calf market were between \$8 and \$8. Grass calves went at \$3.50 to \$4.

The hog market closed steady at \$10.25 to \$10.40 for off-truck bacon. Dressed hogs were quoted at a delivered basis of \$13.05 to \$13.75, while truck hogs went for \$9.75, f.o.b.

Good ewes and wethers brought \$11.50. Bucks were mostly \$10.50, and culls \$9 to \$10. Sheep were priced from \$1.50 to \$4.

Now We Know

Two Irishmen stood in front of a drug store in Dublin. In the window was a display of rubber gloves.

"Now I wonder what is them things for?" asked one of the Irishmen.

"Oh," replied the other Irishman, "ye can put them things on 'n' wash yer hands without gettin' yer hands wet."



Wife Can Be Distracting, Reckless Driver Advised

Driver Needs Two Hands On Wheel, Says Magistrate

A. T. M. Hulise, Aurora bar-courier, gave the Newmarket police court a bad time on Tuesday morning. Called to defend Clarence Preston on a reckless driving charge, he found that the charge had been withdrawn, and that his client faced a charge of criminal negligence. The reckless driving charge had been remanded from last week and it was felt that the crown attorney should be present.

The crown attorney was not present this week either, and Mr. Hulise did not think much of the procedure.

"No doubt this court is a fine thing for the district," he said. "But it will not meet with the approval of the people if these adjournments are made in this way. There's no reason why there should be an adjournment called on this case. I have my witnesses present."

"Remanded for one week on a charge of criminal negligence," Magistrate L. J. C. Bull said.

And the witnesses got quietly to their feet and left the court.

Then Mr. Hulise was on his feet again, this time on behalf of Philip Lindsay, charged with reckless driving. A. R. Crouch, the constable concerned, had been delayed.

"My client comes from Peterboro," Mr. Hulise said. "The constable is not here."

"If the constable is not here in ten minutes, the case should be disposed of," the magistrate said.

Father Time was evidently on the side of the accused, and ten minutes later, the constable still being absent, the case was dismissed.

Boy Meets Girl

"The letters 'A. A. G.' should appear on this summons," laughingly suggested Magistrate Bull, as he read the reckless driving charge against Henry Anderson.

"What do they mean?" P. W. Pearson asked.

"Arm Around Girl," the magistrate said.

The defendant felt he had an excuse. "She is now my wife," he said.

"That makes no difference," the magistrate pointed out. "It is possible to have your attention distracted as much by your wife as by anything else. You should keep both hands on the wheel and give your driving undivided attention."

The fine was \$10 and costs.

Absent Annie

"Annie doesn't live here any more," might be said to be the theme-song of one case. The car which Annie Malone had been driving several weeks ago, now belonged to someone else. And Annie could not be found.

H. Carter, remanded from last week on a charge of having liquor in an illegal place, paid \$10 and costs when the charge was changed to one of consuming.

Wants An Answer

"How many summons did you issue on that day?" demanded A. T. M. Hulise of Constable Williamson, who on July 4 had

summoned Arthur Sheridan for reckless driving near Wilcox Lake.

"I don't have to tell you that, it's my own business," the constable stated.

"I'm entitled to an answer, not to insults," A. T. M. Hulise declared.

"The constable may or may not know how many he issued," the magistrate said. "Do you know?"

"This was the only one," the constable stated.

The constable stated that the accused was driving between 20 and 25 miles an hour at a point where bathers crossed the road to reach the bathing beach. Witnesses for Sheridan stated the speed to be between 15 and 20 miles, and that he was driving carefully. Sheridan stated that he had been driving for three years and had never had any trouble before.

"My brother generally drives the car," he said.

"You were laying for these boys," Mr. Hulise told the constable.

"I have nothing against them," the constable asserted.

"I think the constable acted in the interest of public safety," the magistrate said, suspending sentence on payment of costs.

"My car won't go 60 miles an hour," Arthur Martin stated, pleading not guilty to Constable Crouch's charge that he was driving at that speed in a cream roadster.

"There's been a mistake," he added. "My car is a green sedan."

The constable admitted the possibility of an error, and the case was dismissed.

One Good Turn

"Don't let it happen again," the magistrate advised a speedster, on learning that he had at one time placed his boat and services at the disposal of the constable who had summoned him, on an occasion when the constable was searching for the victim of a drowning accident.

"One good turn deserves another," smiled the speedster, as the case was dismissed.

Another charged with speeding stated that he had been driving to his cottage with his family and the baby had become ill.

"Did you have a doctor?" the magistrate asked.

"No, the child recovered after we got to the cottage," was the answer. The minimum fine of \$5 and costs was imposed.

Herbert Martin, Ernest Robinson, Robert Alexander, and the Devon Dairy paid \$5 and costs on speeding charges.

GIVES TON OF MILK MONTHLY

House Of Refuge Herd Receives High Rating

The York County House of Refuge maintains a small but select herd of Holstein cattle to supply and provide sufficient milk and butter to take care of the requirements of approximately 100 inmates.

This herd is accredited and federally negative, and in order to secure an accurate and official record of the production of each individual animal, the herd was recently enrolled under the federal provisions of the record of performance test.

The government inspector has just made one of his periodic visits, and the results of this test are that four cows, in addition to giving a splendid flow of milk, test above 4 per cent, ranging from 4.8 to 4.1 per cent butter fat, and the complete herd for this test averaged 3.9 per cent butter fat.

Princess Patricia Beauty, a junior four-year-old, in the first seven months of her second lactation, has averaged over a ton of milk per month, and during this seven-month period to date has produced in all 14,000

pounds, or seven tons of milk, and is still going strong.

This is a real good showing, both with respect to quantity and quality of milk, and congratulations are due the commissioner, W. H. Pugsley and J. F. Jefferson, and the superintendent, D. E. Sprague, for such a commendable record at the York County Institution.

Glenville

Miss Clarice Sharpe is spending this week with her cousin, Miss Patricia Sharpe, at Kasha Lake, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rigler of Peace River, Alberta, are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. W. Deavitt, this week.

Miss Dorothy Webster is holidaying at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Orser, at Barrie.

Miss Leone Dunseath spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. J. Somerville of Glenville.

Mrs. Crispin of Windsor spent last week with her sister, Mrs. J. Somerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Mumberson of New Lowell spent the weekend with their daughter, Mrs. Gordon Doner.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Somerville and daughters spent the weekend with relatives at Gull Lake, Muskoka. Several from Glenville Y. F. U. attended the presbytery picnic at Sharon on Wednesday.

Westinghouse

When the mercury soars up . . . and up! . . . when the kitchen gets like an oven . . . It's then that you'll most appreciate the dependable refrigeration of a Westinghouse! For, no matter how hot the day . . . no matter how often you have to open the refrigerator door . . . there's always plenty of reserve power to keep the inside temperature down to the normal degree of cold . . . and with the unit in actual operation only intermittently!

HOLLAND THEATRE
BRADFORD

Phone 81 Two Shows Nightly—7.30 and 9.30 (S. T.)

FRI.—SAT.—July 16 - 17

Two Fine Features
Hugh Herbert and Zasu Pitts
IN
"Sing Me A Love Song"

RICARDO CORTEZ

IN
"The Case of the Black Cat"

MON.—TUES., July 19-20

Two Ace Hits
Jean Arthur and Chas. Boyer
IN
"History Is Made at Night"LOUIS
VS
BRADDOCK
FIGHT PICTURES

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JULY 21-22

Joel McCrea Miriam Hopkins Chas. Winninger
IN

"Woman Chases Man"

EAST GWILLIMBURY

Council Favors Sales To
Collect Over-Due TaxesWm. Tansley Receives
Job Of Sanitary
Inspector

The East Gwillimbury township council, at its meeting in Sharon hall on Saturday, demanded that the reeve issue a warrant to the treasurer to sell all lands in arrears of taxes for more than three years. The council had previously passed a by-law authorizing the treasurer to collect arrears in taxes and carry on tax sales if necessary.

Wm. Tansley was appointed as sanitary inspector. He takes the position formerly held by James Parker.

The county has decided to take over concession 8 from Mount Albert to the north townline, and the council agreed to purchase the required amount of land as soon as the survey is completed.

The reeve, clerk, constable, and Councillor Alan Shaw were appointed to contact the provincial department of highways regarding a speed-limit by-law. The Bradford toll road, which was purchased by the county from a private party, is at present in a neglected condition, and the council decided that the road is not a township responsibility due to the fact that it was never owned by the municipality. The clerk was therefore asked to advise the county engineer of the council's attitude.

The following accounts were ordered paid: Newmarket Era,

CONSTABLE HURT

Attempting to untangle a heavy stream of southbound traffic at the intersection of Nos. 7 and 11 highways on Sunday night, Provincial Officer Ralph Taylor suffered a broken leg and severe head injuries in a collision with a car. He had received his appointment as traffic officer only four days before.

\$2.10; C. Swallow, \$3; hospital account, county treasurer, \$147.77; H. Hulse, sheep claim, \$84; W. H. Crouch, sheep valuating, \$4; Dr. J. H. Wesley, \$5; Mount Albert Telephone Co., \$20.60; Sick Children's Hospital, \$1; J. B. Aylward, \$4; W. G. Hill, salary, \$102; J. L. Smith, salary, \$80.

Relief accounts were paid as follows: city of Toronto, \$53; Ingram & Bell, \$6; F. Rowe & Son, \$12; Jas. Rolling, \$7.50; S. C. Sheppard, \$10; Newmarket Dairy, \$9.25; E. R. Fry, \$6; G. R. Goodwin, \$9; Ken Ross, \$29; W. A. Burkholder, \$23; N. W. Fry, \$9; R. F. Davis, \$27; A. & P. Stores, \$4; J. Newton, \$7; S. R. Goodwin, \$23; R. E. Simpkins, \$0; J. O. Little, \$3.15; Geo. Jarvis, \$1.50; Bradford Bargain Store, \$3.05; N. D. Rowland, \$3; Loblaw's, \$20; Chainway, \$0; R. Sedore, \$10; J. W. Knott, \$33.74.

Road accounts paid: relief labor voucher, June 19, \$56.60; June 26, \$27.35; July 3, \$31; July 10, \$58.40; construction, \$456; maintenance, \$500.07; supervision, \$80.

LOCKED WINGS

By John Scott Douglas

Those two "crates" were flying along as nicely as you please, strata formation, you know, one ship directly above the other. Bad luck then threw a monkey wrench into the works; or was it poor flying? No one will ever know, I guess.

Anyway, Bland Hobart's aeroplane seemed to hit an air pocket and drop, while Ring Seeley's rickety old "bus" seemed to jump up to meet it. Of course, that probably could not have happened unless one of the pilots jerked his controls, but I am just telling you the way it looked from the ground.

Something seemed to tighten in my throat, and my heart stood still as I saw those two ships coming together. Bland's ship coming down in a steep bank, his landing gear appearing to claw at the wing of Ring's battered "crate" like the talons of a striking eagle. I knew what was going to happen even before I heard the sickening crunch of shattered struts and braces, the sharp tearing of fabric. My stomach constricted painfully as I saw the upper wing collapse, flapping loosely in the breeze.

My body felt paralyzed. I even forgot that I had been tuning up a ship on the tarmac when the accident had occurred. My brain, however, had never been more active. I was already anticipating the next steps in the tragedy. The lower wing of Ring's biplane would give way next, due to the strain of the ship's motive power, and there would not be even time to get a "chute" open before he hit the ground.

I was mistaken. The next thing to happen was of quite a different nature. Bland's landing gear suddenly swung to the left as the aeroplanes parted, wreathed free of its connections on the right side. Would he ever bring his "bus" out of that side slip as he approached earth? I rubbed a shaking hand over my cold, damp forehead, unable to tear my eyes away, but anxious not to see the crash I expected to take place.

Fifteen hundred feet, a thousand feet, and then somehow my numb brain told me that the motor was throbbing again, wings creaking and groaning at the sharp "pull-out." In my mind's eye I saw Bland Hobart fighting the controls, his thin, finely-chiselled face, white and twitching, his long, tapering fingers glued to the control stick. Game? I could not have said just how game I thought he was at that moment if I had tried! My throat was too dry! A scant hundred feet above the Alaska Airways Company hangars Bland finally got complete control of his ship, pulling out of his dive and zooming up into the blue again.

He did not even know his landing gear was torn off. He did not know that if he tried to land he was very likely to end his life in a mass of flaming wreckage! Leaping out of the aeroplane I had been "revving up," I shouted hoarsely at two gaping "greaseballs" to find a wheel. "Perhaps we might even yet warn him of his danger. I then turned my eyes upward to see if Ring Seeley's lower wing had given away.

Nerve? Here it was again! Ring evidently reasoned that his lower wing was not going to remain intact. Instead of coming down in a slow glide, he was tearing down toward the field in a power dive!

Cold fingers of apprehension pressed against my heart. With the terrific strain on that one wing of the biplane when he pulled out of the dive to cut momentum, there could be but one result! Disaster! I waited for that sharp upward twist of the aeroplane's blunt nose, waited with cold, clammy hands twitching. The nose came up a little—a very little, but there was nothing you could call a real "pull-out," no perceptible slackening of speed.

Ring thought too clearly for that! He rushed past me like a hurricane, landing at twice the regular landing speed. When his aeroplane came to rest at the very end of the long tarmac, I knew he had been right. No other landing would have saved his life.

Once more my eyes were drawn forcibly upward. That which I saw caused little icy shivers to course up and down my spine. Bland was gliding down for a landing!

Desperately I looked for the "greaseballs." They were running toward mid-centre of the field, one of them carrying a wheel and the other dragging a strip of canvas. "Spread the canvas!" I shouted. "There's no time to lose!"

"The man with the canvas swiftly obeyed, while the other man began to wave the wheel over it. The wheel, suspended over the white canvas, would be visible from the air. Would Bland interpret its meaning. His aeroplane continued to glide down. Suddenly, when the sagging landing gear was about to bite into the tarmac, the engine roared on and the crate buzzed over our heads as Bland zoomed.

Several thousand feet above the airfield he levelled out; then he hovered over the field, banking aimlessly, undoubtedly undecided. "He's clever!" I mut-

tered to the two mechanics. "Perhaps we can give him a little more information." The three of us carried the canvas and the wheel to the place where my aeroplane was still snorting and coughing. Standing on the left side and waving the wheel, we gestured wildly to indicate he should attempt a landing on that side. Not that we really believed he could do it! Bland Hobart's book knowledge of aviation was profound; but he was not a natural flyer the way Ring Seeley was.

He evidently grasped our meaning quickly, or thought he did, for he cut his "gun" again, gliding down sharply to effect a landing before he lost his courage. It takes courage to make a landing like that when you know the chances of landing a whole man are about one in twenty!

A hundred feet above the field, he fish-tailed to cut momentum. When the aeroplane began to stall, having overcome all forward momentum, he panicked. The sight of the nose pointing downward gave me slight heart, but before he could gain much momentum, he fish-tailed again. "Crack-up!" one of the "greaseballs" formed with dry lips.

Bland tried to pancake again, but I figured he had delayed too long. The aeroplane seemed to freeze in space. When it finally came out of the stall, it was in a sharp right bank. I knew Bland was holding his stick to the right, kicking the right rudder bar. Before the aeroplane could side-slip twenty feet, it seemed to freeze in space again, counteracted by left rudder and the bearing of his control stick to the left. It slid slowly over on the left wing, gaining speed as it neared earth.

The "bus" struck heavily on its left side where the landing gear was still intact. Swinging crazily, it circled left and then twisted over on the left wing. I looked for an explosion, but Bland had wisely shut off his motor.

Relieved of the suspense of the last few moments, the "greaseballs" began to cheer themselves hoarse as a thin, white-faced youth climbed shakily out of the aeroplane. Suddenly our congratulations on his clever landing were silenced by the appearance of a big, rough-hewn youth whose gray eyes were narrowed and hard. "Do you think you own the whole sky?" stormed Ring. "You have to come down a hundred feet to tear off my wing!"

His finely-chiselled face was working as Bland turned on Ring with blazing eyes. "Come down to hit you! You zoomed into my landing gear!" Bland and Ring had started the training course at our field at the same time. Ring had proved a "natural," getting his pilot's license three months earlier. Bland was still training, having no natural bent for flying, and Ring had been instructing him when the accident occurred.

Bland had a university degree; Ring had only finished high school. When Ring accomplished something spectacular, he was wont to remark dryly that he would have done better if he only had a better education. Bad blood had existed between the two for many months, and now it boiled to the surface.

Ring remarked tauntingly, "If I only had more education, perhaps I could see why your dropping a hundred feet into my wing was my fault! How about it?"

Ring had lashed at a raw spot once too often. With a sob of fury, Bland flew at him, fists clenched. Ring was bigger, heavier than Bland, but he was taken off his guard. Bland's first blow sent him reeling, the second, catching him off balance, knocked him in the dirt. When he picked himself up, his mouth was hard and white, his fists big, tight knots.

By this time the "greaseballs" and I had sufficiently recovered from our first shock to step in; but it was all we could do to hold the two infuriated youths. They glared at each other with burning eyes. "If you weren't so pig-headed," breathed Bland huskily, "you'd realize an education's the greatest advantage a fellow can have. Nothing to be ashamed of."

"Yeah!" snapped Ring. "I notice it helps a fellow pick up things quickly."

I was only two years older than either of the two young men, but I felt it was my duty to give them a bit of fatherly advice. The superintendent was not there to do it and I was the senior pilot on the field. "Listen, you two babies! I growled. 'Why won't you ever grow up? You're both wrong—just as you're both wrong about the accident.'"

Ring glared at me from the place where he stood with both arms pinioned by the "greaseballs." "What do you mean by saying we're both wrong about the accident?"

"Just what I said, Ring. You zoomed toward land just as much as he dropped toward you. Charley and Joe will bear me out in that! When two drivers of a swiftly moving vehicle watch the other vehicle, instead of moving away from it, there's an unconscious tendency to drive

toward the other. The best pilots 'crack up' in formation flying because there's no stationary object to guide by."

Neither of the two recent antagonists spoke for several moments; then Bland broke the silence. "I guess Jim's right, Ring. I'm sorry I lost my temper." Ring's taut face relaxed. "That goes double," said Ring, extending his hand.

They both grinned as they shook hands, and I thought the quarrel had been patched up. It was not long, however, before Ring was "riding" Bland again.

One day a biplane appeared over the ragged range of mountains east of Juneau. Ring and Bland came out of the hangars to watch it.

Suddenly it twisted over on one wing in a crazy sort of way, righted itself as though by some last, despairing effort of its pilot, and then the nose dipped. It went into a spin.

Down—down—down came that earth-bent aeroplane, the subdued bellow of its motor rising to a shrill wail. I clutched Ring by the arm, my hand trembling. "He's—he's going to crack up!" "Perhaps not," said Ring in an awed voice. "Look, he's pulling out!"

The nose did start to come up, but the "crate" had dove too far. One wing buckled from the sharp "pull-out," flying off into space. The doomed ship continued in a wild series of gyrations. Fifteen hundred feet above earth something white detached itself from the plunging aeroplane—a parachute. It drifted away from the aeroplane, opening with a report like an explosion of dynamite. A limp figure dangled from the end of the white carnation, struck earth, and was dragged fifty feet before the line of the parachute caught on a tree trunk.

We rushed up, expecting almost anything. A youth was lying beside the frayed and torn linen, a white-faced youth with blood dried on one cheek. Where had he come from? How had he been injured? Had he retained his grasp on consciousness long enough to reach the airframe, only to lose it before he could land? Had he gained consciousness for an instant, long enough to free himself from the doomed aeroplane which was even now a blazing wreck on the tarmac?

We could not answer those questions, then, nor for some time later. The stranger was raving in delirium by the time we had taken him to the Juneau hospital in a car. From snatches of sense in his jumble of words, we learned a very little of the mystery surrounding him.

We learned that he and his father had been injured in the premature explosion of dynamite in a mine they were prospecting in the interior. We learned from one sentence that he had but ten gallons of petrol to make the trip to Juneau. He judged this was insufficient but he was evidently wrong, for there must have been some left in the tank or the aeroplane would not have burned the way it did. Further than that, we discovered from his rambling conversation that his father was badly injured.

"His father must need immediate attention!" said Ring. "I'll take a doctor, and find him." "How?" demanded Bland, with a slight lift of his eyebrows. "You can scour the wilderness east of here for weeks and not cover all of it within flight range."

Ring snorted. "I guess I can find what I'm looking for all right!"

"Let me do some calculating from the facts we have." "You and your education!" said Ring despairingly. "What we need here is a good flyer, not a school-marm!"

Ring went up that very afternoon with a doctor and a supply of gasoline. He returned at nightfall, slightly disconsolate, but certain he could succeed the next day.

Bland, meanwhile, had been working swiftly on topographical charts, which he covered with countless figures. Late that night he set a small square on the topographical map, and told Ring he would find the prospector's claim somewhere within that six-mile square. Ring only laughed at him.

The next day, however, after Ring had flown from dawn to noon, still without result, he grudgingly conceded that there could not be any harm in flying according to the chart, although he did not anticipate any result. The stranger was still unconscious.

I felt queer stirrings of hope when Ring took off with the doctor about one o'clock. That hope changed to fear when he failed to return after more than two hours.

Three hours passed, four hours, and then we heard the buzzing of an aeroplane. Everyone on the field was nervous except Bland. He looked very confident. "Ring could have brought that injured man here this morning as well as this afternoon," he said bitterly.

Bland was right. When the aeroplane landed, Ring and the doctor lifted out a big man, swathed in bandages. Ring was strangely quiet and

ZEPHYR
HOLD SPECIAL
KIRK SERVICE

Anniversary services will be held at Zephyr United church on Sunday, July 25, at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. The preacher will be the Rev. Thomas Mitchell, M.A., D.D. The choir will provide special music and be assisted by a visiting soloist.

Dr. Mitchell until recently was professor in one of the theological colleges, previous to which he held city pastorates. He is one who has unusual ability as a preacher.

All arrangements are made for the annual garden party of Zephyr United church to be held at A. S. Arnold's, one mile south of Zephyr, on July 29. A splendid array of artists have been secured for this event and it promises to be the best yet.

The supper committees have been appointed and the ladies are preparing for a large gathering. Fuller details will be given next week.

The recent rain has put a new picture on everything, and the farmers have a good smile too.

The W. M. S. held a very interesting meeting at the home of Mrs. N. Horner, which was well attended. The program was presided over by Mrs. Dewey Graham and the different items were much enjoyed, especially the instrumental and vocal numbers by young people.

Persons
Mr. and Mrs. John Smith and Mrs. William Smith of Aurora, and Mrs. James Boag of Newmarket spent Friday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. R. Lunney. Mrs. McMullen, sister of Mrs. Wm. Horner, and Miss Shier, of Toronto, are spending their holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Horner.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smith of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Brammer of Newmarket and Mrs. James Hassard of New York, cousins of Mr. R. Lunney, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lunney.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Day and the Misses Roscoe, of Buffalo, visited their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Snowden, and called on friends over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rynard are holidaying in the U. S. A. Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Carro, and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Palmer and Joan, and Mrs. Heise, all of Toronto, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rynard on Sunday.

Masters Earl and Vernon Kearns of Toronto are spending some of their holidays with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Gilman Myers.

Mrs. Harrison of Leaskdale is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. R. Shier.

W. I. Meets Tuesday

The regular monthly meeting of the Zephyr Women's Institute will be held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Rynard on Tuesday, July 20. Roll call, favorite song; current events, Mrs. J. H. Lockie; program committee, Mrs. R. Harman and Mrs. J. Galbraith; hostesses, Mrs. W. J. Rynard, Mrs. W. Sellers, Miss F. Lockie, Mrs. F. Curl.

Pat was engaged putting a water main into the workhouse. Saturday came, and the boss saw Pat dolefully examining his pay packet.

"Mistake in your wages?" he asked. "Oh, no," replied Pat, "but I was just wondering whether me or the water would be in the workhouse first."

humble as he approached Bland Hobart. "I'm a pig-headed idiot!" he said, savagely. "I should have listened to you, but I didn't understand how you could reach any results without anything to work on."

"But I did have something to work on, Ring!" exclaimed Bland. "I could estimate that the lad had used approximately eight gallons of gas. Two must have burned. Eight gallons of gas will carry a certain type of plane at top speed for roughly so many miles. Then I drew a circle on my topographical map that number of miles about Juneau. I could automatically eliminate all areas in that circle west of the Narrows because he flew from the north-east. There were two points on my circle which offered possibilities of landing. One was northeast of here, the other, southeast. Judging that the lad had flown as straight a course as possible, I guessed that the point on the circle northeast of here, a sort of plateau region, was the spot I wanted. I drew a six-mile square about that point to allow for possible miscalculations."

Mingled admiration and incredulity were written in Ring's slow smile. "Say, that's marvelous! I guess education's valuable anywhere, but it looks to me as if I'll never be a big man in aviation until I give it a chance to widen my vision." A wistful smile quirked Ring's lips. "I know a lot of ways you could improve your flying. Do you suppose if I helped you out that way you could help me get started on my education right now?"

Bland's answer was an infectious smile. When the two shook hands this time, I know it meant they were to be fast friends.

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PLAN SANDFORD
GARDEN PARTY

All roads lead to Sandford on July 21 when the garden party of the United church will be held at the home of James Smith. It promises to be better and bigger and a very enjoyable social evening is in store for all.

The ladies have planned to live up to their reputation for providing an excellent supper. A grand concert will be given under the direction of Miss Jessie MacGregor, who will have outstanding artists with her. Supper will be served from 5.30 p.m.

Mrs. Ross Johnson, who is on her way to Scotland to visit her parents, was the recipient of many gifts from the congregation of the United church. A traveling case and handbag for herself and other little gifts for the folks at home were given.

The decoration service will be held at Sandford cemetery next Sunday, at 2.30 p.m.

FINE ORCHARD
BRETHREN HOLD
TENT MEETING

A tent meeting under the auspices of the "Brethren in Christ" commenced on Wednesday and continues during the week and at 7 p.m. on Sunday, on the Pine Orchard school grounds. It will run for an indefinite time.

The evangelist is Rev. Ed. Gilmore; pastor, Bishop A. Wingard. Everybody is welcome.

Persons

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Johnston and Mrs. Wilson had dinner on Sunday at the home of Mr. K. Weddel, Sharon, after which they journeyed up to Coverly Beach to call on Mrs. Smith and her son Everton.

Mr. D. Booth, Margaret and Delbert of Mongolia visited the Harper home on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Harper returned home with them. Mrs. A. Bong of Newmarket returned home last Monday night after a week's visit with Mrs. Wilson.

Master Robert Brooks of Newmarket is spending a few days at the low cost of Era printing.

with Master Stuart Starr. The Misses Beatrice and Alma Chapman spent Sunday under the parental roof.

Mrs. George Hunt and Miss Simmons had tea at the home of Mrs. N. and I. Kay on Sunday. Little Ruby Turan of Newmarket is visiting for a few days this week with Mrs. Geo. Hunt.

Mrs. Gordon McClure attended the Madill family reunion at Stouffville park on July 7. The attendance at the reunion numbered nearly 160.

Those from Ingersoll and Guelph at the recent Forbes-Toole wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Forbes, Mr. Gordon Forbes, Misses Marjorie and Bessie Forbes, Miss Meek of Hamilton, and Miss M. Forth of Guelph.

Those remaining until Sunday at the home of Mr. C. Toole and Mr. Earl Toole were Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Forbes, Miss Meek and Miss Forth.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sheridan and family were guests at Mr. E. Bateman's home in Snowball on Sunday.

Mrs. A. Tucker visited for a few days last week at the home of Mrs. C. Morton, Queensville. Miss Leonore Soules of Mount Dennis is a holiday guest of the Harper household.

ANSNORVELD
HAS HOME HIT
BY LIGHTNING

A terrific thunderstorm swept over Ansnorveld on Sunday afternoon. The lightning struck the radio wires several places and hit Mr. W. Vandyken's home. No damage was done except a large hole in the floor.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hergaarden of Brampton were visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Nienhuis on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbend of Richmond Hill attended church here on Sunday.

A meeting was held in the school on July 7, when the possibility of having the telephone was discussed.

Ansnorveld growers are busy shipping lettuce. Several truckloads were shipped already.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Prins and family spent Tuesday of last week on Lake Simcoe.

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SONJA HENIE ADOLPHE MENJOU
DON AMECHE ARLINE JUDGE
Selected short reels including Charlie Chase
"News of the World" with Lowell Thomas describing

MONDAY — TUESDAY — JULY 18 - 20

"ON THE AVENUE"

Dick Powell Madeleine Carroll Rita Brothers
Good shorts including the Stooges in
"BACK TO THE WOODS"

WEDNESDAY — THURSDAY — JULY 21 - 22

Two Splendid Features Two Splendid Features

"LADY FROM NOWHERE"

MARY ASTOR CHARLES QUIGLEY

"EMPTY HOLSTER"

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TREASURE HUNT

—By Barbara Webb

CHAPTER FOUR

SYNOPSIS

Belinda Louise (Lindy Lou) Hillcrest receives a letter from a colored woman, Pearl White, who worked for the Hillcrests on their plantation, Twinoaks, in the South. Pearl writes that she is dying, but wants first to tell Lindy Lou that treasure is hidden on the old place. She encloses a confusing map and warns Lindy Lou to tell no one of the message. Lindy Lou works in the New York office of Sweetland, Inc., as a typist and is in love with Anton Homans, star salesman for the firm. She shows him the map and letter. He laughs at both, and when he sees Lindy Lou is hurt invites her to spend an evening at the theatre and a night club with him. Lindy Lou consents. That same afternoon the map disappears. The next day Anton telephones her that he has found the map and Lindy Lou gets it at the restaurant where he has taken her to lunch.

Under Contract

Lindy Lou thought about it a while and finally decided stubbornness was not her role this evening. She took a warm bath after her mother had fitted the lace dress, set a wave in her curly hair, and wrapped herself in her dressing gown, then went into the living-room, where her father was reading the paper. Mr. Hillcrest was ordinarily a meek man, convinced that he had made a failure of his life, and so not at all assertive. But he loved Lindy Lou dearly, and he appreciated perhaps better than any one else in the family the charm of her fair, youthful prettiness. So long as she went to movies with neighborhood boys, to school dances or riding with a group of friends he had registered no objections. But this going out to the theatre and a night club with an older man from the office was different, he felt, and he was prepared to be stern and unyielding about it.

Lindy Lou came around from the back of his chair and sat on the arm of it, sliding one arm around his neck.

"Papa."

"Yes, Lindy Lou."

"I want so much to go tonight."

Mr. Hillcrest put down his paper, but he said nothing, which Lindy Lou knew was a bad sign.

"And I've promised to go, papa. I'll be ashamed if I have to tell Anton I can't go."

"Who is this Anton?"

"He's wonderful, papa. Every one at the office is crazy about him. And he hardly ever asks any of the girls there to go out with him. Please, papa."

Mr. Hillcrest turned to look at her. "You sound as though you were mighty fond of him, Lindy Lou."

"I am," she confessed in a half whisper.

"Does he feel that way toward you?"

"I—don't—know—"

Warnings

Mr. Hillcrest considered. If Lindy Lou was in love with this man it might not be wise to oppose her too much. It might drive her into some foolishness. He spoke more kindly, but still with deep seriousness.

"I've always been lenient about your friends, Lindy Lou, and I don't want to be unreasonable now. I'll let you go tonight under just two conditions, and if you can't accept those conditions then you can't go."

"What are they, papa?"

"I want you to promise me not to drink anything stronger than coffee, and not to smoke."

Lindy Lou laughed. "My gracious, papa, if that's all—why, that's easy. I hate the taste of gin and whisky, and smoking makes me choke—"

Mr. Hillcrest stopped her. "It may not be easy tonight, Lindy Lou. You may have girls all around you urging you on, and this young man may try to get you to act like the rest of the crowd, too."

Lindy Lou shrugged. "Well, nobody can make me do what I don't want to do," she said. "I thought you were going to ask me to be in at 11 o'clock or some such thing as that."

"No, if you'll promise me not to drink or smoke I'll trust your own good sense for the rest of it."

Lindy Lou kissed him and ran off to tell her mother the good news. Mrs. Hillcrest beamed, for she loved hearing about her daughter's good times.

up in the dressing-room of the theatre.

She heard the bell ring and waited while her father admitted Anton, then she went out to the living-room. She gasped a little at sight of Anton. He was in evening clothes and handsomer than Lindy Lou's wildest dreams of him. He wore a camellia in his buttonhole, he looked so polished and so formal and so grand that Lindy Lou suddenly remembered that her dress had cost \$14.95, and wished she had some kind of real evening wrap instead of the short velvet jacket which had looked so pretty to her half an hour before.

But Anton was all smiles, though he made no comment on her appearance. He was genial and affable to Mr. and Mrs. Hillcrest and shook hands heartily with Joe, who didn't look too pleased. Lindy Lou kissed mother and patted her father's cheek. Mr. Hillcrest shook hands again with Anton and said: "We trust you to take good care of our daughter, Mr. Homans."

And Anton, quite seriously, replied: "I will, sir, indeed I will."

Down on the street Anton glanced at her and said with an uncertain laugh: "Your father and mother are old-fashioned, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Lindy Lou, her chin going up, "and I like them that way."

"Ouch," Anton helped her into his car, low and sporty and shining in the light. "I didn't mean anything wrong, Lindy Lou. Old-fashioned parents are something to be thankful for, I suppose, if they turn out girls as sweet as you are."

Lindy Lou was mollified. Anton or no Anton, no one was going to make fun of papa and mamma to her. Lindy Lou had never even learned to say "dad" and "mother," as the other girls did, but clung to the habits of her little girlhood. Anton climbed in beside her and started the engine.

"They won't let you use make-up, either, will they?" he asked curiously.

Lindy Lou giggled, her good humor restored. "Oh, they don't care about that. But papa was not sure he wanted me to go tonight, and I thought I might as well be as quiet-looking as possible. I've got my compact here."

"Let me have it," Anton commanded. "I'll fix you up later."

Detour

Lindy Lou handed him the compact, and he continued: "I've changed my mind about the show, Lindy Lou. My gang is going out to Gamble Inn tonight, out on Long Island, you know, and with all this traffic we've got a good hour and a half to two hours' drive ahead of us. So I think we'll skip the show tonight and go on out there."

Lindy Lou didn't care. It was grand slipping along like this in Anton's car. She felt she could ride forever. They talked about the office and Anton talked a great deal about himself. Twilight turned to early darkness, and by the time they arrived at Gamble Inn headlights were gleaming all around them. Anton drew up at the far end of the parking space, switched off the engine and stretched his arms.

"Whew—that was a spell of driving!"

Then before Lindy Lou knew what was coming he put his arms around her and kissed her.

"Oh—" Lindy Lou drew away as he released her.

He laughed. "Now don't tell me you've never been kissed before. That's too much to believe."

"N—no, I've been kissed, but not—like that."

Anton laughed again, exultantly. "Like this, eh?" and he caught her and kissed her more gently.

Lindy Lou's cheeks were burning. She was crazy about Anton, of course, but she wished. What did she wish? Well, Lindy Lou couldn't quite define it to herself, perhaps it had something to do with that old-fashioned word, "respect," that Lindy Lou's mother often used. Yes, Lindy Lou wanted Anton to respect her. He was laughing again now and put his hands on her shoulders and turned her so she faced him.

"Now we'll fix your face," he said. "You're sweet to kiss, Lindy Lou, but once I get your lipstick on your face enough, I want my girl to be a knockout with my crowd tonight."

Toyland

He switched on the dashboard lights and drew Lindy Lou's face down into their glow. Then with great care and attention he drew the lipstick over her mouth.

They went into the club, a famous one as Lindy Lou knew, and went through the business of checking wraps and being shown to a table by an obsequious waiter. Three other couples were there at a large table at the side of the dance floor. Anton introduced her, Cathy, Rose and Ginger were the girls, Jim and Bud and Harry were the men, and all six were feeling very gay indeed.

A number of empty ginger ale and white rock bottles stood on the table. Ginger, with red hair,

was smoking through a long green holder. Cathy and Rose were giggling over highballs, and Bud pulled out a flask as Lindy Lou and Anton sat down.

Anton waved it away. "Nope, I've brought my own, and you know that means it's good. White rock or ginger ale, Lindy Lou?" he asked.

Lindy Lou didn't hesitate a moment. "I don't drink," she said, "but I'd love to have some iced coffee."

They shouted with laughter and Anton gazed at her puzzled for a moment. "It's no joke, friends. She's not being funny, she means it, and doggoned if I don't like her for it."

"Nice and economical for you, Anton," said Ginger coolly. "Give me hers."

"How do you get that way?" Cathy inquired, "if I didn't get tight I couldn't get through an evening like this."

"Oh, let her alone," said Bud. "Come on, Cathy, let's dance."

Anton had his drink, then took Lindy Lou out on the floor. He said nothing more about her drinking and Lindy Lou felt how left out of things she would be that evening. No one was going to fuss about it, or try to force her, they'd just ignore her and make her feel like a little nobody. Anton would have a slow time and never ask her again. Lindy Lou suddenly felt the evening was pretty flat, for Anton as well as herself.

The lights dimmed, the music grew softer, and Anton held her close, guiding her in and out of a soft silver streak that wavered over the dance floor. Lindy Lou lost herself in a gorgeous dream. She had found the treasure, she was wearing a cloth-of-silver dress, she was offering Anton herself and all her fortune, and he was kissing her again as he had kissed her in the car.

"What are you thinking about, honey?" he asked in her ear.

"You," said Lindy Lou provocatively. The music made her feel that way.

"Nice girl."

An Interloper

The music stopped and they went back to their table. Lindy Lou's iced coffee stood there. The rest drank more highballs and talked in staccato slang that didn't mean a great deal to Lindy Lou. They apparently knew each other very well and the girls made oblique references to some friend of Anton's, a girl who should have been there tonight.

"In my place," thought Lindy Lou to herself.

Later Bud asked Lindy Lou to dance. "What are you besides a good dancer?" he asked. "Your old man got a pot of money?"

Lindy Lou laughed. "About as much money as you have manners," she said saucily, and Bud laughed.

"I just wondered why Anton was dragging you," he offered. "Anton's a fast stepper you know."

At midnight the floor show came on and several of the girls in it waved greetings toward Anton's table. He had been drinking steadily; the air around them was blue with smoke. Jokes were passing at the table that made Lindy Lou's cheeks burn when she could understand their meaning.

"No wonder they drink," thought Lindy Lou, the only clear-headed one now in the party. "If they didn't they couldn't stand this sort of thing. Anton's too good for this. He's just gotten into the wrong crowd. Silly jokes, and silly talk, and booze and smoke, and staying up late and noisy music—"

Lindy Lou decided that no one was truly having a jolly time, just a noisy, stupid one.

Precipitation

But she felt blue just the same. Anton wouldn't ask her again. She so plainly didn't belong here. Cathy wanted to climb on the table and dance and Bud was holding her back. Anton reached over and caught both of Lindy Lou's hands.

"Listen everybody," he said. "Listen. Want you to hear this. I'm going to propose to Lindy Lou. Lindy Lou, will you marry me? Shut up, you; don't laugh. I mean it, Lindy Lou; say yes."

Rose shrieked. "Say yes, Lindy Lou, or whatever your name is; say yes in the presence of witnesses, then you can sue him for breach of promise."

Lindy Lou drew her hands away. She felt sorry for Anton. If only she could get him away. Poor Lindy Lou! This was no setting for the romance she had dreamed of. Her heart ached for herself and for Anton, too. Suddenly she knew that she loved him; she hadn't been sure of it before, but now she felt a great longing to have him alone, to comfort him.

"Gosh, but my head aches," he said now, dropping it on the table. Lindy Lou touched his shoulder. "Come on, Anton," she said. "Let's go out and walk on the beach."

Anton rose unsteadily and put his arm across Lindy Lou's shoulders. "Sure," he said, "let's go walk on beach."

Lindy Lou's heart beat triumphantly. Once she got him out in the air he'd feel differently.

She missed the winks and significant looks that followed them. "Pretty good line, after all, isn't it?" Cathy commented. "It gets your man."

Lindy Lou and Anton walked clear down to the edge of the water. The tide was coming in, line upon line of water silver in the light of a rising moon. Lindy Lou dipped her handkerchief in the water. "Here," she said, "lay this over your eyes for a minute."

Anton obeyed her, then shook himself. "Gee, you're good to me, Lindy Lou."

"I want to be, Anton."

The Torrent

The summer night cast its spell upon her and she lifted to him a face of unearthly sweetness.

"Lindy Lou—I meant what I said back there—will you marry me?"

Lindy Lou's hands trembled, but she put them in his, and she laid her head against his shoulder. "Will you, Lindy Lou, darling?"

"Yes, Anton."

And presently Lindy Lou was thinking, "I ought to be happy. I am happy, but—but—"

And she couldn't understand the queer sinking feeling that assailed her, as though she were homesick and half scared.

CHAPTER FIVE

Anton and Lindy Lou walked up and down the moonlit beach for a long time, until Anton's head was as clear as it could possibly be after the intoxication of hearing Lindy Lou's promise to marry him. Lindy Lou thrilled to this and a dozen other romantic speeches, and little by little lost the memory of the tawdry party from which they had escaped. By common consent they did not go back to the party at all, but about midnight got into Anton's car for the long drive home.

Lindy Lou didn't feel a bit sleepy, and after they were under way listened eagerly to Anton's talk.

"You know, Lindy Lou, you may be surprised, but I'm pretty poor. I've never had a nice steady girl like you before, and while I make good money it's been easy come, easier go. I cannot even give you a nice ring now. This car isn't all paid for yet, and I owe a lot of money here and there. But I'm going to turn over a new leaf—pay off my debts and save some money."

"Of course you are," said Lindy Lou stoutly, "and I'll help you. We won't go to expensive places, and I don't mind about the ring a bit, so long as I've got you."

Anton laughed. "You've got me, all right—which is more than any other girl has ever been able to say."

Lindy Lou was silent for a while, then she asked timidly, "When—that is, how soon—oh, never mind."

But Anton took up her unspoken question. "When can we be married, Lindy Lou, darling? Well, that depends on a lot of things, how much I can earn in commissions on my next trip, for one thing. I should think in about a year, darling, and sooner if I can manage it."

Lindy Lou hid her two-fold dismay over the length of her engagement and over Anton's having to go away.

"I'd forgotten about your trips," she said in a low tone.

"Will you miss me, Lindy Lou?"

"Yes. Terribly."

"You won't go out with other fellows?"

"Oh, Anton!"

"I know you won't, Lindy Lou. You're not that kind of a girl. You're not like any girl I've ever known. Honestly, Lindy Lou, I'm not good enough for you. I drink too much, and I let money slip through my fingers, and, and, well, I've run around a lot with a queer crowd—girls I wouldn't want you to associate with, now that I know what you're really like. But that's all in the past, Lindy Lou. I swear it is. From now on I'm going to be different."

"At The Religious Education Convention"

By Mrs. Ralph Willis

The 47th annual convention of the township of Whitchurch and village of Mount Albert religious education council was held at Bethesda United church, June 29 and 30, and was well attended, considering the busy season.

At both evening meetings the church was well filled, while those who left the hayfield and housework for the morning and afternoon sessions felt well repaid.

Among those attending from this community were Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hope, Betty Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Randall Chapman, Mrs. Bert Dike, Mrs. Woodhouse, Mrs. G. McClure, Mrs. R. Hawtin, Mrs. Elmer Starr, Mrs. Ralph Willis, Miss Switzer, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart, Orval Ewart, Mr. Howard Dike, Misses Annie, Ruth and Jean Willis, Mrs. M. Sheridan, and Douglas Sheridan.

The address of welcome was given by the honorary president, Isaac Pike, of Bethesda, who has a wonderful record of having attended every Sunday-school convention of this township, except the first. In his remarks Mr. Pike pointed out that unless we have some enthusiasm in our work we will not accomplish very much.

In replying to the address of welcome, Jas. Hope of Pine Orchard, president of the township, said "The Sunday-school is one of the big things in our life, and Christian workers are the representatives of the King of Kings."

A duet, "Near to the heart of God," was sung by Misses Annie and Ruth Willis.

The evangelical note was well sounded in the first subject dealt with, and continued throughout the program. The subject "How do you do?" was very ably taken by Rev. Arthur Greer of Stouffville.

In part he said, "How do you do in Sunday-school work? The text I would consider in regard to that question is to be found in Isa. 1: 17, 'Learn to do well.' The reason many Sunday-schools are not what they ought to be is because they are not adhering to the Word of God; they are not getting at the Gospel of Salvation through Jesus Christ. One half-dozen Christian people will do more than a churchful of people who just come to church to get their ears tickled," he said.

"Sunday-school work is important when we consider that 90 per cent. of those coming into the church are converted before twelve years of age."

"Teach intelligently," he advised. "Know your text-book, the Bible. It never grows old. Get a Sunday-school year-book, an ordinary scribbler will do. Divide it into a section for each lesson of the quarter."

"Write the title of the lesson at the beginning of each section, then in your reading as you come across anything applying to a lesson put it in the section allotted to that lesson."

"The Sunday-school Times is the best lesson help for any teacher."

"Teach sympathetically. Be one with your class. Don't get too low down, but give them something they can grasp."

"Live up to the standard of the boys' intelligence."

"Memorization is something that should be stressed in every Sunday-school. An examination at the end of the quarter is a good way to increase Bible study."

"We must not only bring our scholars to God, we must nurture them," Rev. Mr. Greer said. "If you fail to put the lesson across, you will not fail to get yourself across. Be sure the lesson of your life is worth following."

"First, we must have law and order, and reverence in the house of God. Teach first of all the Bible. Teach salvation through the shed blood of Jesus Christ. Teach them to trust, believe, and love the Lord."

"Teacher, are you sure you are saved yourself?" he asked. "You owe it to your class. Teach church membership and service. Not only will they get something, but they will give something to the church."

"Some will say, 'I am not worthy to teach,' but Christ said, 'Be ye therefore ready.' Prepare, ask for His strength and guidance. Teach them the love of Christ."

"How do you do? Learn to do

well," he concluded.

In the discussion that followed, some recommended monthly and quarterly meetings of the Sunday-school executive. Some found the home department helpful to the Sunday-school.

In another school the children are encouraged to give one cent a month to missions. Work in the Sunday-school and church for the young people was recommended.

Mrs. Ralph Willis dealt with the subject of "Sunday-school Attractions," first considering the meeting place, pointing out that "God is not confined to places," and that he said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them."

"We should make our church buildings and grounds as attractive as possible," Mrs. Willis said.

"But it is not the building that makes the Sunday-school or church, any more than a house or mansion makes a home. It is the love within that makes either the home or the church."

"Consecrated Christian teachers are an essential to a prosperous Sunday-school, teachers willing to give of their time and talents to the Lord's work. Visiting the homes and learning of the everyday life of the scholars brings the teacher and scholar to a better understanding of each other, and has been known to solve discipline problems in the Sunday-school," she stated.

"Many things may be obtained from our publishing houses today to help primary teachers in their work."

"When we stop to think how Christians in some countries are persecuted for meeting to worship God, how thankful we should be that we live in a Christian country," the speaker observed. "Let us show our appreciation of the privileges afforded us by being faithful attendants at the services of the church and Sunday-school."

"Preparation, promptness, and prayer are needful to a successful Sunday-school," she said.

In the Tuesday evening service, Rev. Mr. Smalley of Stouffville took the subject, "The Child or Worldly Pleasure—Which?" He believed it wrong for the parents to keep a child away from Sunday-school, but worse to send the child to Sunday-school and go away themselves.

"The child is a ward of the state," he said. "Every citizen is responsible for the welfare of every child in the community."

"D. L. Moody went into the Sunday-school and asked to teach a class of boys. The superintendent didn't want to let him. He went out and the next Sunday he brought in a class of men and taught them."

"Jesus suffered, but administered help to others."

"What about the individual who teaches in the Sunday-school and follows worldly pleasures between times?" Rev. Mr. Smalley asked. "Teachers, you have an influence over your Sunday-school scholars. Where is it leading?"

Rev. Mr. Greer sang two beautiful solos during the evening session: "I will not leave you comfortless" and "Send the Gospel Story."

Rev. J. O. Percy, returned missionary from the Sudan Interior Mission, Nigeria, spoke on missions, and chose for his text Isa. 49: 6. He pointed out that Jesus was the greatest missionary the world has known.

"He gave up everything that he might do God's work," he stated. "His command, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' was to the whole church throughout generations."

"Many people are afraid to serve the Lord. They say, 'Well, I must get aside for the rainy day.' They are afraid to trust God," he said.

Mr. Percy cited a number of instances when God had supplied his needs in answer to prayer. He urged that missionary offerings should not fall off during the summer.

On Wednesday morning the prayer service was led by Rev. Edgar Morton, Stouffville. Reading from the 21st chapter of John, in which Jesus asked Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" and commanded him to "Feed my lambs—feed my sheep," Mr. Morton

placed the emphasis on "me" and "my."

"Peter thought he loved the Lord," he said. "But did not love as much as he thought he did. It is not enough to say we love, we must put our love into action. Jesus put the lambs first. The children come first, then the new converts need nourishing. Then we must go after those who have gone astray."

The Sunday-school lesson for July 4 was very efficiently taken by Mrs. Cale of Vandorf. "First let us ask ourselves, 'What is our aim in teaching the Word of God?'" she suggested.

"Teach, so that no matter what age they may know the way of Salvation. The reason so many are drifting here and there is because they are not getting the Gospel of Salvation."

"Our aim should be that those before us find the Bible a stay. Teach the Bible, not about the Bible," Mrs. Cale said.

"Get acquainted with the class. Do they read the Bible? Do they practise what they read? Work out a system for each lesson, suiting the lesson to the class."

"During the past quarter we have been studying Genesis, studying about men of faith. God wonderfully used and blessed them, and God blesses and uses us, imperfect though we are," she said.

"We are now studying Exodus. In God's plan for his people, he said of them, 'They shall be a great nation.' They had to increase. They had to be knit together, unified."

"Sorrow or trials bind us together as nothing else can," the speaker said. "The Israelites were to be a separate nation. When the 70 came out of Canaan into Egypt, they were a happy, reunited, also honored people. They were shown favour by the king. There they lived in peace, honor, happiness, and then Joseph died."

"Then conditions changed for the Israelites. Soon we will be removed. Are we fitting our children so that they will be able to stand on their own feet when the props are taken away? We have a great responsibility. Are we being faithful? What kind of leaders are they to be?"

"Under the changed conditions in Egypt the new king knew about Joseph but ignored him. He was envious of Joseph. What is the reaction when someone gets on better than others? There is danger of envy."

"The new king dealt wickedly with the Israelites. The wisdom of the world is often foolishness. This new king," she said, "set hard tasks for them. Sometimes so-called Christian men repress those under them."

"Communism is another terrible form of repression; but in 1 Cor. 10: 13 we read, 'There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it.' God will carry us through."

"Let us prepare," the speaker urged. "And fortify our class for trials before them."

"Israel had been taught to look to God. Does your class know He will help them? When strength fails, and we seem to be going under, do we know he will hear us? 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.'"

"You may be able to teach in a cleverly, scholarly way, but, oh, give them the Gospel message, and teach them to know how to call upon God at all times, for He has said, 'Before they call, I will answer.' Let us remember we have a great work to do."

The president, Mr. Hope, in visiting a number of schools, had found a falling off of interest in the summer months. This should not be the case, he said. Some schools had found it an advantage to change from an afternoon session to a morning session through the summer. He thought Sunday-school workers should visit other schools more. Help others and learn from them.

The treasurer reported that it was hard to give the correct rating of many of the schools, as they had failed to send in a complete report of work covered.

Mr. Mitchell, representative of the O. R. E. C., spoke for a few minutes on the preparation of the Sunday-school lesson.

"Preparation begins with the teacher," he said. "We must fit the heart and attitude to God. No matter how good a teacher we are, we need preparation, so that we give nothing less than our best. Fit the mind and spirit to the lesson. First assemble your material, then become familiar with that material. Read the whole chapter, not just the few verses printed in the lesson help. Use the best material possible. Get good maps and illustrative stories."

"What is the aim of the lesson? Choose a plan," he advised. "This depends on the age of pupils to which the lesson is to be presented. It is most vital that there is a good introduction to a lesson, to catch the attention of the scholar."

"Giving of facts or body of the lesson with homework or study is helpful."

"How will you end the lesson? Often silence—then a short prayer is more effective. For twelve-year-olds and older let them draw their own conclusion. Every teacher should have a passion for souls," he said.

After devotional service led by Rev. Westcott of Aurora, on Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Arthur vanNostrand spoke for a few minutes on teacher-training work, stressing the need for young people to take up teacher-training.

"Our day-school teachers and our ministers must be trained. It is just as necessary that our Sunday-school teachers should train for their work," he said.

A beautiful solo was rendered by Miss Hayes, Toronto.

Rev. Mr. Armstrong of Queensville dealt with the Bible.

"Temperance as dealt with in the Word of God, is a large subject. Two of the chief duties of Christian workers in relation to temperance are to stem the tide of liquor and to embrace the principles of temperance. Isaiah said, 'We unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.'"

"What should be the Christian's attitude toward the liquor dealer, the brewer, or the government that permits the liquor traffic and makes money thereby?" he asked. "What about the church member who votes for such a government? What about the church member who is indifferent to the temperance question? If our churches would take a stand, we would have an army large enough to wipe out the liquor traffic."

"It is the responsibility of every Christian to take such a stand. It rests with Christian workers to embrace temperance as given in the fifth chapter of Paul's letter to the Galatians. The fruit of the spirit is temperance."

"Signing pledges is not enough," he said. "The solution to the temperance problem is to be found in a revival of New Testament Evangelism. Temperance is the implanted life of Christ in us. Don't quit temperance education and don't quit pledge signing, but strive to bring all to the Saviour, who can solve every problem. We are responsible to God for our families."

"Dr. Mayer was once travelling on a large ocean liner. One day while walking up and down the deck he saw a commotion at the side of the ship, and men letting down the life-boat, but thinking it was no concern of his, he continued on his walk. The excitement continued at the side of the ship, so he stepped over to see what it was all about. To his dismay he saw his own boy being rescued. 'It's my boy!' he shouted."

Mr. Mitchell, while conducting the Round Table Conference, brought out these points: "Our business in the world is Evangelical. Underlying methods are a help to accomplish our work."

"Teacher-training work may be studied at home or in classes with a leader. Some of these courses are the preparatory course, methods of teaching, principles of teaching, and the missionary course."

"Can you be an efficient teacher if untrained?" Mr. Mitchell asked.

"The average Sunday-school teacher is a mother with two children."

"There should be a superintendent for temperance work in each Sunday-school."

The song service on Wednesday evening was conducted by Chas. Atkinson of Bethesda.

The installation of officers was conducted by Mr. Mitchell of the O. R. E. C.

Two very appropriate hymns were sung during the evening by the Bethesda male quartette.

The findings of the resolutions committee were presented to the convention by Rev. Mr. Westcott of Aurora. These are to be sent to the local and daily papers, therefore are not included in this report.

Mr. Rowen, Toronto, addressed the convention on "The Nation's Greatest Need." Taking Isaiah 6: 1-8 as his text, he said, "We live in a day when the church is criticized. We live in a day similar to the day of Isaiah. We need men and women who will put God first. We need to get back to the Bible."

"Isaiah saw God high and lifted up. The things of earth are like a magnet drawing away from God. We need fellowship with God. God's Word is the only one that has stood the test of time."

"Sunday-school teachers and officers, don't lean on your minister. Go to God yourself. Take your problems to God in prayer."

"The solution of our problems can only come from God. Then, if Christians would only practise what they preach!"

"A Japanese statesman touring Canada on his way to the Coronation, said, 'I don't think they want Christianity in this country, they export too much of it to our country.'"

"Our nation's greatest need is men and women with hearts set toward Jerusalem—a turning back to God. Right where you are, put God first."

Mr. Mitchell drew our attention to things we need: An acknowledgment of failure, a willingness to try again. An anticipation, through Him, of great things. The Sunday-school has one great task—evangelism.

"We should be concerned

Fire Chief Suggests Several Merchants Improve Premises

Fire Chief Howe told the Aurora council meeting on Monday, that several properties had been notified to clean up their premises, and listed instances where the promised improvement had not been attended to. The clerk was instructed to write the storekeepers indicated in the fire chief's report, asking them to clean up the rear of their premises and to provide proper incinerators for the burning of refuse.

Steps will be taken to drain the spot which is at present causing the sidewalk in front of Miss Amy Webster's property to sink.

The clerk was instructed to get prices for renewing the paint on the sign on the Yonge St. subway south of the town.

The reeve and Mr. Lee were appointed as a committee to inaugurate the jubilee celebration during 1938.

The road and bridge committee made its report regarding repairs.

AURORA BLOOM EXHIBIT BRINGS CROWD

The best showing of blooms seen in any district exhibit this year was on display by a record number of entries at the flower show sponsored by the Aurora Horticultural Society on Saturday. Ideal weather conditions had given the blooms splendid coloring and sturdy stalks. Delphiniums were especially attractive and high in quality.

Ed. Brammer, of Newmarket, judged the show. Prize winners were:

Delphinium, single, dark, W. J. Billings; Miss I. Seaton; delphinium, single, light, Chas. Dodson, W. J. Billings; best collection of delphiniums, W. J. Billings, Mrs. Seaton; delphinium, double, dark, W. J. Billings, Charles Dodson; delphinium, double, light, W. J. Billings, Edna Murray; best delphiniums in show, W. J. Billings; Canterbury bells, Mrs. S. Stephens; gaillardia, Miss Seaton; snapdragons, W. J. Billings; pansies, A. J. Fern; sweet peas, light, Chas. Dodson, David Judd; dark, Chas. Dodson, David Judd; sweet William, Mrs. C. Harman, Miss Seaton; lily, madonna, L. Cull, Mrs. L. Andrews; lily madonna, best specimen in show, L. Cull; any other variety, Mrs. Rachel Phillips; roses, light, Mrs. Rachel Phillips, Mrs. S. Stephens; dark, Mrs. John K. Lees, Miss Seaton; roses, best collection, Miss Edna Murray, Mrs. John K. Lees; dining-room collection, Charles Dodson, Miss Edna Murray, Miss Seaton; roses, dining-room basket, Mrs. John K. Lees, Mrs. M. L. Andrews, Charles Dodson. The Robert Simpson Company prize for the best basket of delphinium was won by W. J. Billings.

New Employer—Are you familiar with mules? Negro Stableman—No, sir. Ah knows 'em too well to get familiar.

about our attendance," he said.

"We have a right to see our boys and girls coming up to offer themselves for service. Every church has enough people to do the work, if developed. We should glorify our task by our fidelity—by our loyalty. If we are to raise young people, we must give ourselves to it now."

"We have a right to see our boys and girls growing to reverence. Bring them to know the joy and presence of God. Too much secular pressure is being put upon us today. Increase reverence for God's House. Help them to know the God of love. Come to church, and learn to worship."

"We should see our boys and girls showing religious life. Camp life is a help to boys and girls to do this."

"Keep in mind evangelistic memory work, memorizing God's word and hymns that in after life will be a help to their lives."

"We should see our boys and girls definitely and purposefully committing themselves to Christ," he stated. "The greatest influence is the home, though teachers play an important part. Any inconsistency in a father's or minister's life is a set-back to our boys and girls."

"Easter is a good time of the year to have decision day."

In closing, Mr. Mitchell gave an incident from the life of Dr. Dan Norman.

"One evening Dr. and Mrs. Norman were entertained by an artist at the home of an influential Japanese. The artist asked Dr. and Mrs. Norman to draw some pictures for him. Both refused as they felt they were not artists."

"He gave the chalk to one visitor and he drew a picture of the moon; another, a precipice; another, a river, etc. One day, when passing this home, Dr. Norman was called into the drawing-room, and there, before him, stood a picture. The great artist had taken the little efforts and made a beautiful picture."

The convention was brought to a close by singing "God be with you till we meet again" and the Benediction.

AURORA

AURORA

ORANGE LODGE ATTENDS KIRK

Aurora Orange lodge marched to the Baptist church on Sunday evening to hear Rev. A. R. Park, Richmond Hill Boys' band led the parade. Special music was sung by the choir and a male quartet.

Miss Lottie Hamer of the North Bay C. I. staff, is visiting in town.

Miss Verna Ryan, R.N., is holidaying with her mother here. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Teasdale and family are spending a week in the north.

Twenty-seven boys from Aurora are at the Boys' Camp this week. The new camp of the United church is said to be a great improvement.

The perennial show on Saturday was a great display, particularly of delphinium.

Mr. W. J. Billings won the Robert Simpson award for the best collection; also the ticket for the best spike in the show. The Horticultural society has decided to hold a "Lawn and Garden" contest. Anyone wishing to enter should let the secretary know before the end of July. Preliminary judging will be held the first week of August, with the final judging, the second week. The gladioli show will be held on August 21.

Many friends called on Mrs. Lavilla Howard on Monday to extend congratulations on her 90th birthday.

Mrs. Roy Delattaye, president of the W. M. S., was made a life member of the society at the

meeting on Thursday of last week. A life membership pin was also presented to her. Mr. Walter Findlay, recently returned from a year's stay in China, addressed the ladies. He was in native costume and gave a much enjoyed interpretation of life in China.

Over 200 attended the Baptist Sunday-school picnic at Musselman's lake on Saturday. The Presbyterians held theirs at the same place on Wednesday.

The United church school is making plans for Wednesday, July 28, at Alcona Beach.

Several from Aurora attended the Horticultural District No. 5 picnic at Guelph on Wednesday.

Mrs. James Coburn, formerly of Bradford and Aurora, died in Toronto on Monday. Having sold her home back to its original owner, Mr. Dick Lustian, Mrs. Coburn has been living in Toronto recently. Interment was in the Newton Robinson cemetery.

Misses Leila and Helen Boynton, Marjorie Malloy, Isobel Hayes, Constance Willis, Mabel Chappell and Lois Webster are away on a two weeks' trip through the United States.

Miss Margaret Carolan has been visiting in Toronto.

Miss Gwen Green of Toronto is visiting her grandparents here.

Mrs. John Gibson and family of Toronto are staying with Mr. John Farr's this summer.

SWIM AT BOGARTTOWN

There are a great many people enjoying a swim in Hoover's Pond at Bogarttown during this warm weather.

When you put a little ready money aside for a vacation, you find it is not ready—it's eager.

Better because it is paid for!

Paid for because it is better!



A message to the Era's family of readers

Dear Readers:

A weekly newspaper is often spoken of as a community weekly. It is not operated in the same cold-blooded way that its bigger, daily brothers must be run. It belongs to its constituency, and is conducted in the interests of its readers. It has confidence in its readers. That is why most weeklies do not insist on prompt payment of subscriptions.

There is a good motive behind this unbusiness-like practice of letting subscribers get into arrears, but there are also dangers. If a weekly newspaper is not paid for, it will be poorer than it might be and those who do pay are not getting full value. The newspaper tends to lose subscribers, both because it is poorer because of its impaired revenue, and because people do not like being in debt even to their community weekly. As a newspaper loses subscribers, it goes downhill. That is not in the interests of subscribers.

So about a year ago The Era decided that it could learn something from its "cold-blooded" city brothers, something that would be in the interests of readers. A policy was inaugurated of discontinuing subscriptions at the time of expiration unless renewal instructions, accompanied by payment, were received.

The new system is working nicely. People who overlook renewing their subscription take no offence when their papers are discontinued. They know that they are not going to be forced into debt unwittingly. Most people see that their papers are renewed before expiration. Others come in and pay when their paper is cut off, or when they feel that they can afford it again (or that they can no longer afford to do without it).

It is the hope of the publishers that the new system will prove the basis for a greatly increased circulation. Our most optimistic thought for the first year was that we might hold our own. Present indications are that that hope will be substantially realized. "You must lose a lot of subscribers," people say to us. Yes, we do, but they keep coming back, and with them come other subscribers, who used to be afraid of the weekly newspaper's perennial subscription system. They are finding an improved newspaper and we hope to welcome them in greater and greater numbers.

Building a greater community service,

Yours sincerely,

The Era

TRAVEL
The King's Highway
SAFE · DIRECT · ECONOMICAL
SUMMER TIME TABLES
Effective Saturday, June 26th

LEAVE NEWMARKET		LEAVE TORONTO	
(P. D. Lloyd)	Standard Time	(Bay at Dundas)	
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
6.25	5.10	6.10	12.55
7.35	5.30	7.00	1.05
8.45	5.45	8.30	4.20
9.55	5.55	9.40	5.25
11.45	6.10	P.M.	6.15
	6.40	12.25	10.40

a—daily except Sun. and Hol.; b—Sun. and Hol. only; c—Sat. only; d—daily except Sat.

Daily Service to North Bay, Parry Sound, Midland, Wasaga Beach, Beaverton and intermediate points.
ASK FOR ILLUSTRATED VACATION FOLDER

Tickets and information from
P. D. LLOYD NEWMARKET PHONE 645

MOUNT ALBERT

Horticultural Society To Seek Cemetery Improvement

Ask Police Trustees For Signs On Village Approaches

The Horticultural society held their July meeting on Monday evening in the board room. They have asked the police trustees to put signs up at the approaches to the village.

They also are going to see that the old cemetery on the hill is cleaned up.

Prospective members may join now and get an option in the fall. All are asked to help to make the town beautiful. The annual fall flower show will be held on Aug. 27.

Personals

Mr. Orville Gould of Rochester, N.Y., called on Miss Leek on Monday. He is a former resident of the village.

Rev. R. V. and Mrs. Wilson have gone north on their holidays and Mr. Jack Spencely will take the service in the United church for the next two weeks.

Mrs. Herbert Hall was called to Sunderland last week owing to the death of her sister, Mrs. Young.

The rain which came on Sunday afternoon has done a wonderful lot of good as things were getting very dry and the heat was beginning to be pretty hard on everything.

Mr. and Mrs. James Slorack motored to Montreal on Thursday of last week to take the former's sister, Mrs. Ross Johnson, who has gone to visit their parents in Scotland. She sailed on Friday. Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Harper, Sr., accompanied them and they returned back home by way of Ottawa and North Bay, arriving on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. John Summerfeldt and his mother, Mrs. M. R. Summerfeldt of Cannington, were at Miss Leek's on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Geo. Janson and family of Toronto were in town on Sunday. Mrs. O. Wagg and Miss Hilda Wagg of Niagara-on-the-Lake were weekend visitors in town.

The funeral of the late John Cain, who passed away at his home on Friday, took place on Monday to Mount Albert cemetery.

Mrs. Smith of Lansing, Mich., is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Cain, and also her brothers, Dan, John and Will Lundy.

Mrs. J. Williamson of Newmarket is a visitor this week at the home of her son, Mr. Guy Williamson.

There are lots of places where weeds need looking after right away.

Mrs. Gordon Wagg and Master Jimmie of Picton are holidaying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Stokes.

Miss Audrey Thirk of Toronto was a visitor at the home of Miss Maybelle Brooks this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Oldham have returned to their home in Saskatchewan after a visit with relatives at Mount Albert and Hartman.

Mr. and Mrs. Tilley have taken a cottage for two weeks at Bass Lake.

Mrs. Jas. Moore of Toronto visited Mrs. John Moore in town last week.

last week.

Mr. Ernest Hayes of Port Perry was in town on Thursday visiting his sisters, Misses A. and E. Hayes.

Mrs. Harrison of Toronto was a guest of Mrs. Blyth last week. The Misses Brooks have taken a cottage at Port Carling for a few weeks' holidays.

Mrs. Leadbetter and the children were weekend visitors with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wagg of Goodwood.

Mrs. Boyd of Orillia was visiting relatives in town last week, and Miss Betty Longhurst returned home with her for a visit.

Rain Hinders Service

The decoration service on Sunday was a disappointment owing to the rain. It came on just at the time people were gathering, and while many went home, quite a few came to the church, where the Eglington Salvation Army band, who had come up for the service, spent the remainder of the afternoon.

Those who attended listened to a very fine program of music. The band was to have gone to the park for an open-air concert in the evening, but as the rain continued they returned home to the city. They hope that they might be able to come back next year.

Passes Piano Exam.

Miss Doris Smalley, a pupil of Miss Leek, was successful in passing her grade IV piano examination at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Queensville

The June meeting of the Queensville Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. J. Grant on June 30. Roll call was well answered by a recipe for a summer drink.

Mrs. F. Cunningham gave a short paper on "The Queen Mother." At the close of the program a tasty lunch was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Peters and son, Lowell, and Miss Evelyn Hobbs of Toronto, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Grant during the weekend.

Sutton West

A large crowd attended the Orange parade here on Monday, and the street dance at night.

Among other sports and entertainment was a lacrosse game between Sutton Juniors and Brooklin Juniors. Brooklin won by a 9-5 score, but Sutton put up a good showing.

Miss Margaret Reagh, Toronto, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John King.

Mr. Francis McCann was in town a couple of days this week. Miss Helen Taylor and friend of Toronto are spending this week with the former's mother, Mrs. Alvin Taylor.

Miss Pearl Culverwell of Toronto spent the weekend at her home here.

Miss Joy Brooks returned on Sunday from spending a two weeks' holiday in Toronto.

Orchard Beach

The beach at this lively resort looked like a miniature Coney Island with the crowd of bathers. The water was perfect until the storm on Sunday afternoon.

The new road is certainly attracting quite a large number of visitors, and on the whole they obey the traffic rules. The worst offenders are the delivery trucks, it is said.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Startup the guests are Mrs. Ironsides and Jack, Collingwood.

Dr. Cecil Baggs has returned from Europe and is staying at the home of Mrs. Johnson with his wife and little son.

Mr. and Mrs. Parr and Eileen are staying with Mrs. Fenn for the month of July.

Miss Molly Giles was a guest at the Parr cottage during the weekend.

Mrs. Vernon Pearsall and son are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Sharpe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Startup held a very enjoyable beach party on Saturday night at which 20 were present. One of the pleasant features was a midnight swim.

Mrs. Folster and children of Capreol were guests of Mrs. A. E. Wright on Sunday.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Carhart the guests during the weekend were Mr. and Mrs. George Patterson of Toronto.

Miss Margaret Mathewson of Newmarket is spending her holidays with Mrs. J. L. Carhart.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jackson of Ottawa are staying at the Jackson cottage for the month of July.

Mr. Ralph McKeown and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Munday were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Startup last weekend.

MAPLE HILL

PLAN TO JOIN IN S. S. PICNIC

The Sunday-schools of Vivian, Mount Albert, Baldwin and Maple Hill plan to have their annual picnic at Jackson's Point on Thursday, July 22.

Mr. C. Forrester supplied last Sunday as Mr. J. Perry was unable to come as expected while Mr. J. R. Armstrong was at Forward Baptist church, Toronto. Mr. Forrester stayed for the Sunday-school and gave the children a splendid talk.

He also preached in the evening and delivered a fine gospel message. It is hoped he will come again.

The girls from the Christian Girls' Association camp at Pine Beach gave several messages in song at the evening service which were very much enjoyed.

The Young People's Society have been invited to the C. G. A. camp this week instead of the usual meeting at the church. The time will be spent in the singing of gospel songs and testimony.

The Dorcas Society of Maple Hill church held its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Harry Knights, and although the weather was warm there was a splendid meeting. The devotional part of the meeting was taken by Mrs. A. Knights, and her splendid message was an inspiration to all. Mrs. B. Plummer looked after the business.

Mrs. John Ardill of Toronto spent last week with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Knights.

Miss K. McGill, sister of Will McGill, has gone to her home in Foresters Falls. Unfortunately, their mother, Mrs. J. McGill, is seriously ill.

Orangemen Enjoy Big Day At Celebration In Sutton

Races, Softball, Lacrosse Follow Parade Of Lodge

Sutton was the scene of the York County Orange celebration on Monday, with some 5,000 people witnessing the parade, which consisted of 28 lodges from the northern part of the county.

The "Glorious Twelfth" was not as well attended as in 1922, due to the fact that there were more meeting places close at hand. There were parades in Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, and in Whitby.

The parade, which started from the Sutton horse show grounds, proceeded to the main corner at Jackson's Point and returned to the grounds.

Upon their arrival they were welcomed by Reeve Wm. Pugsley. Mayor Dr. C. R. Boulding of Aurora and Wm. M. Fitzgerald were the other two speakers.

Wm. Pollard of Elmhurst lodge acted as chairman.

A program of harness races and softball games followed, in which Sutton defeated Pefferlaw 13-3 to win the first game and came back to beat Beaverton by

GROWERS NEED HELP

Growers in the Bradford marsh, in the midst of a busy season, are working short-handed. Men are urgently needed, it is said, to help in the grading and packing of produce.

A 7-3 count. Brooklin junior lacrosse team handed the Sutton lads a trimming by 9-0.

A street dance in the evening, with a lucky number draw for cash prizes, rounded out a very enjoyable day.

Lorne Crossberry, master of the local lodge, and Bro. Wm. Hutchinson were responsible in a large part for the success of the Sutton celebration.

KESWICK ELMHURST W.I. TO ENTERTAIN

Elmhurst Women's Institute will hold its next meeting on Wednesday, July 21, at Mrs. Waldon's. This meeting is a week earlier than usual. The Queensville Institute will be guests of this Institute at the meeting. An interesting meeting is expected, and it is hoped the members will all be present to welcome the visitors from Queensville.

Mrs. F. Promoli and Miss Helen Cowie of Toronto were guests of Mrs. and Miss M. Gilmore at their Keswick Beach cottage last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Pollock and daughter of Toronto are spending a week's holiday at Mrs. D. Pollock's cottage here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Bennett, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Wesley Hays, for some weeks, returned to the west last week for the wheat harvest.

Mrs. Storke, who has been very ill, is greatly improved.

Heartiest congratulations are offered to both Mr. and Mrs. Storke on the arrival of a baby daughter. Mrs. Storke, nee Miss Rowena Donnell, is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Fred Donnell.

On Wednesday a very happy time was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Connell Marritt, when the family and a few friends had tea on the lawn. It was Mrs. Marritt's birthday.

The rain on Sunday was very welcome after the intense heat of

the last few weeks. Everything was beginning to show the need of rain.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Pollock spent the weekend with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Barker.

Miss Louise Marritt was the guest of Dr. Susy Marritt, her aunt, in Toronto, for a week.

There are nine bakers peddling the lake shore. Everything is brought from far and near from soup to nuts, and it is felt that the local people do very little trade.

Mr. Elman Peters has been busy moving.

Hope

The Hobby club meets at the park on Thursday of this week. The W. A. was held at Pegg's park on Thursday of last week. It was a decided success.

A splendid time was enjoyed by all who attended the Pegg picnic at the park here.

A number from the community attended the Orange walk in Sutton on July 12.

Sympathy is extended to Mr. L. Cain in the loss of his father.

Mrs. M. Hall visited Mrs. Wm. Smith on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Grace Barker, who has been spending a few weeks in Sharon, is home again.

Mrs. Thomas Hall of Toronto and Mrs. Grey of Ballantrae visited Mrs. M. Hall during the weekend.

Mrs. Ross Smith of Toronto has been spending the week with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Stewart Pegg.

Mrs. Arnold, who has been spending a couple of weeks in St. Catharines, is home again.

Miss Irene Linstead was calling on her sister, Mrs. A. Minick on Friday evening.

Master Jack Pegg of Beeton visited his home here during the weekend.

Miss Edna and Mr. Roy Edwards had tea with the Linstead family on Sunday evening. Mr. J. Breen has been ill.

Cedar Valley

The barn of Peter Krotcha was destroyed by fire early Sunday morning. Good work on the part of the neighbors saved the house. Mrs. J. Lundy spent Saturday in Toronto.

The Pine Orchard Women's Institute will meet at Mrs. A. Tiebhorne's on July 21, at 2.30 p.m. Mrs. Howard McClure, convener of committee for health and home economics, will be in charge of the program.

The Sunday rains came in time to improve crops in this locality.

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Hyliard Chappell,
Manager

Vandorf

Plans are being made for a reunion of former and present pupils, teachers and officials of Vandorf public school, to be held at the school grounds on the afternoon and evening of July 31.

Invitations have been sent out to more than 400 former pupils, and a big day is expected.

During the afternoon there will be sports, and special speakers, followed by a picnic supper and concert in the evening.

Among those who will address the gathering in the afternoon are Morgan Baker, M. L. A., R. H. Roberts, B. A., inspector of public schools, C. W. Mulloy, former inspector, Dr. W. D. Muckle of St. John's parish,

Newmarket, Rev. G. W. Lynd of St. Mary's, Rev. G. O. Lightbourne of Aurora, and others.

Virginia

Mrs. Erastus Smalley is slowly recovering after a long and serious illness.

Vivian Sunday-school intends holding its annual picnic at Ratcliffe's park about July 28.

Mr. Storey, returned missionary from South America, was the preacher last Sunday, July 4, at Vivian church, and showed pictures of his work among the natives on Monday and Tuesday evening. He explained their customs and habits. His talk was very instructive.

Mr. Rowan took charge of the

Ravenshoe

Harry Barker, 65, died in Ravenshoe on Monday. Funeral is being held today at his residence and interment will be made in Queensville cemetery.

Elmhurst Beach

Mrs. I. Waldon and Miss Florence Waldon visited Mrs. Frank Broadway of Unionville last week. They also visited Mrs. Waldon's parents at Port Perry.

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